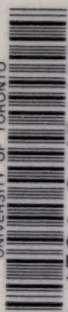


821.08

H 15

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01451498 8



821-08

H 15



FRONTISPIECE
A BOOK OF PATRIOTIC VERSE

PRO PATRIA
A BOOK OF PATRIOTIC VERSE

PRO PATRIA

A BOOK OF
PATRIOTIC VERSES

EDITED BY
WALTER H. WATSON



NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1892

PRO PATRIA

A BOOK OF PATRIOTIC VERSE

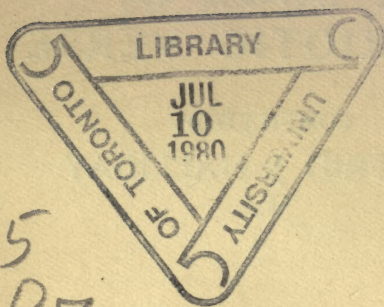
COMPILED BY
WILFRID J. HALLIDAY
M.A.



Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori



LONDON & TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.
MCMXV



PR
1195
H5P7

34635



To
MY MOTHER

PREFACE

It would be interesting to the student of literature and the student of human nature alike if one were to ask a score of the people one meets what were the poems that most impressed them at school, whether they still retain the tags of any, and what features of their poetry-readings stand out the boldest in their memories. In many cases, it is feared, all traces of poetic training will have been lost. Not a few would be disposed to vote those lessons as amongst the dullest they had to endure. But there would, at any rate, be some who look back to those lessons with something like joy, happy still in the recollection of verses that sing of

" Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

It is not difficult to prophesy what type of poem will have been the favourite with these people. In most cases we should find it to be the narrative poem—the poem with a story in it. It is an axiom, as Mr. Lang pointed out, that "the beginner in poetry likes what is called objective art." The appeal to the heart is direct, and the impressionable child-mind receives with avidity the treasures of such poems. Poems of action are what the child can follow. He is happily not concerned with poetic theories, with the cry of "art for art's sake" or with the moral and intellectual value of poetry. He merely craves for sense-satisfaction, and the teacher who would seek to build up in his pupils an exalted literary taste, a love of the beautiful and a right "opinion" in the Platonic sense, must accept this as the basis of his efforts. Happily there is at his disposal a vast and rich collection of poetry which sings of the deeds of

valour on the field of battle, of love of one's country and of the nobility of sacrifice. Our greatest poets have made these their themes. They have enshrined in deathless melodies stories of heroism that shall endure as long as the language. They were not written for a generation only. They are a legacy to which the young of England are privileged heirs.

It was that conviction that primarily led to the compilation of this anthology. At the same time it was felt that the present time was suitable for the issue of such a collection. We are passing through a crisis in the history of civilisation, and it is fitting that the children of to-day who will be the reapers of the harvest which we, with much labour, have prepared for them, should realise something of the nature of the task and the part that every patriotic Briton must play. Here they will read of those elements in our national character which have built up a world-embracing Empire that scorns to sell its honour for petty bribes: they will see that the greatness of their land has been evolved out of the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty and the respect for truth of her people, and they will be inspired to tread nobly, whatever the cost, in the footsteps of the heroes of yesterday. Nor need we fear the cultivation of a mere Jingoism, or, on the other hand, a vainglorious self-elevation and lust for blood. It is not the melancholy side of war, its devastating horrors and its inhumanity that are usually the poet's theme. The passing tribute of a sigh changes to fervid exultation over the greatness of the nature of man—a greatness that manifests itself in a thousand varied ways when danger to hearth, to children and to country is near. Such poems must be morally harmless.

But this is not all. Many of these poems are lyrical gems and poetic jewels. They are the perfect poetic embodiment of themes that make a universal appeal to man's sympathy. The reason is obvious. The old

ballads were the natural outcome of the martial spirit of infant nations and reflected their deeds and aspirations. Their very ruggedness is part of their spontaneity, and it is this that has endeared them to the scholar and the unlettered alike. It needed no commendation from either Sir Philip Sidney or Addison to ensure their position in literature. They have an inherent vitality. So it is with all patriotic poetry. It has the inspiration of passion and glows with the white-heat of fervour. This quality has happily remained at periods when there has been a danger of laying too much stress on mere form and too little on the inner spirit. The keynote of "Chevy Chase," with its uncouth rhymes and rugged garb, is in essence the same as that of Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," or the patriotic Sonnets of Wordsworth with their formal refinement and polish. The same love of country inspired them all. Matthew Arnold called the ballad kind of poetry the lowest kind, but it should be remembered that the ballad contains in an immature and undeveloped state *all* the qualities of the highest poetry, and, as Macaulay pointed out, "The same gold which gives lustre to the *Æneid* and the Odes of Horace is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chase." This, then, should teach us to set the true value on all patriotic verse. It has a message for us. The old ballads were written to foster a martial spirit. We, who know the limitations of a policy of "might," know how to apply what the poets teach us, and at times of grave national crisis we are inspired and cheered by the clarion-call of their martial strains.

There is yet one more point to be noticed. Patriotism means love of one's own country, but it does not exclude love of a country which is not one's own. Mrs. Browning in her preface to *Poems before Congress*, wrote: "If patriotism means the flattery of one's nation in every case, then the patriot, take it as you please, is merely

the courtier." True patriotism is not self-centred. It takes note of the struggles and aspirations of sister nations, and, if it be true to itself, it is active in its sympathies. The extent to which a man can enter into the feelings and yearnings of a people with whom he cannot claim kinship of nationality, is often a measure of the depth of his own patriotism. A Sassenach can appreciate the native fire of Celtic poetry even when its references to the Saxon invader are far from complimentary. Cambria's war marches are no less effectual in their appeal to us because they are the call to arms of a nation that a series of historical accidents made temporarily hostile. Mrs. Browning risked much by her attitude towards Napoleon III., "Emperor, evermore," but she saw in him the instrument of Italian freedom, and her "Italian Patriotism" refused to be influenced by the popular denunciation of the illegal *coup d'état* that gained him the throne.

This is the secret of patriotism. It judges by higher standards and places freedom the highest in the roll of national virtues. These considerations have led me to incorporate in this anthology patriotic poetry which deals with countries besides our own and to indicate also by extracts the attitude of some of our poets to the struggles that other nations have waged. This *farrago libelli* has, therefore, an underlying unity. Its theme is "freedom," and amidst diversity of message, with one voice these poets

" teach us how to dare,
And against fear our hearts to steel."

W. J. H.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I WISH to thank the following authors and publishers for permission to use copyright poems:

- MR. HAROLD BEGBIE, for " Britons beyond the Seas."
- MR. MACKENZIE BELL, for " A Song for Belgium," " August 1914," and " Britain's Appeal to her Men"; also for T. Watts-Dunton's " England Stands Alone."
- DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, for " Wake up, England."
- MR. GILBERT CANNAN, for " The Spirit of England."
- MR. W. L. COURTNEY, for " A Battle-Song."
- SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, for " The Frontier Line."
- MR. THOMAS HARDY, for " The Song of the Soldiers."
- MRS. W. E. HENLEY, for W. E. Henley's " England."
- MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, for " A Singsong of England."
- MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, for " The Children's Song," from *Puck of Pook's Hill*.
- MISS W. M. LETTS, for " The Call to Arms in our Streets," confirmed by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.
- MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, for " Drake's Drum," " Admirals All," and " The Vigil." (*Poems, New and Old*: John Murray.)
- The Editor of the *Times*, for " The Brabançonne"; translation by the Brussels Correspondent.
- The Executors of the late Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, for " England," " Song of the Standard," and " The Armada," by A. C. Swinburne.
- MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD., for W. Cory's " Ballad for a Boy."
- MESSRS. BOOSEY & Co., LTD., for the translation of the three Welsh songs, G. Linley's " Forth to the Battle," E. Gilbertson's " Cambrian War Song," W. Maynard's " Hark! afar the Bugle sounding."
- MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co., LTD., for G. Meredith's " Italia shall be Free."
- MESSRS. J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD., for Canon Rawnsley's " Brave Beresford."

MESSRS. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, for J. G. Whittier's "The Pipes at Lucknow" and "Barbara Fritchie"; Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; and Stedman's "Cavalry Song."

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., for A. Lang's "Culloden" (from *New Collected Rhymes*).

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., LTD., for A. Austin's "Not Care to Live," and F. T. Palgrave's "Creçy" and "Elizabeth at Tilbury."

MESSRS. MARTIN, KING, FRENCH & INGRAM, for J. K. Ingram's "The Memory of the Dead."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., for Sir Edwin Arnold's "Order of Valour."

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD., for Bret Harte's "Réveillé."

I wish also to express my thanks to MR. R. OWEN ARTHUR and MR. A. T. ROBERTS for help in the selection of Welsh poems, and to MR. J. M. DENT for many valuable suggestions.

W. J. H.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Mary Ambree.	<i>Old Ballad</i> 1
The Ballad of Chevy Chase	" " 4
Otterburn	" " 10
Brave Lord Willoughby	" " 15
England	<i>W. Shakespeare</i> 18
The Feast of Crispian	" 19
Harfleur	" 21
England	" 22
Ballad of Agincourt	<i>M. Drayton</i> 22
The Joy of Battle	<i>John Fletcher</i> 26
When the Assault was Intended to the City	<i>J. Milton</i> 27
To the Lord General	" 28
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars	<i>Colonel Lovelace</i> 28
Marlborough at Blenheim.	<i>J. Addison</i> 29
Admiral Benbow	<i>Anon.</i> 29
The Winning of Cales	" 31
Rule, Britannia	<i>J. Thomson</i> 33
On the Taking of Quebec, and Death of	<i>O. Goldsmith</i> 34
General Wolfe	<i>W. Collins</i> 35
How Sleep the Brave	<i>R. Burns</i> 35
Bannockburn	" 36
Lament for Culloden	<i>J. Elliot</i> 37
Lament for Flodden	<i>W. Wordsworth</i> 38
England and Switzerland, 1802	" 38
O Friend; I know not which way I must	" 39
look	" 39
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour	" 40
When I have borne in memory what has	" 40
tamed	" 40
Another year!—another deadly blow!	<i>Lord Byron</i> 41
Between Namur and Liège	" " 41
On the Castle of Chillon	" " 44
The Eve of Quatre Bras	" " 45
Greek War Song	" " 46
France	" " 47
The Destruction of Sennacherib	<i>C. Wolfe</i> 47
When a Man hath no Freedom.	<i>T. Hood</i> 49
The Burial of Sir John Moore	" 49
The Lost Expedition with Franklin	" 49

	PAGE
On Robert Emmet's Grave	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 50
Patriotism	<i>Sir W. Scott</i> 50
The Bold Dragoon	" " 51
Nelson, Pitt, and Fox (1805-6).	" " 52
Flodden.	" " 56
Song	" " 57
War Song	" " 58
Bannockburn	" " 60
Border March.	" " 65
The Crusader	" " 66
To the Memory of Edward the Black Prince	" " 68
The Good Cause	" " 69
War Song of the Men of Glamorgan	" " 70
✓ Ode Written during the Negotiations with Bonaparte	<i>Robert Southey</i> 71
The Battle of Blenheim	" " 75
Battle of the Baltic.	<i>T. Campbell</i> 77
Men of England	" 79
The Battle of Hohenlinden	" 80
Ye Mariners of England	" 81
Hearts of Oak	<i>David Garrick</i> 83
The Minstrel Boy	<i>T. Moore</i> 83
Pro Patria Mori	" 84
Erin, O Erin	" 85
The Prince's Day	" 85
Before the Battle	" 87
After the Battle	" 88
A Nation once Again!	<i>Thomas Davis</i> 88
The Shan Van Vocht	<i>Anon.</i> 90
The Sea Fight	<i>B. W. Procter</i> 92
All's Well	<i>Thomas Dibdin</i> 93
England	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 94
The Charge of the Light Brigade (1854)	" " 95
The Heavy Brigade.	" " 96
Storm! Storm! Riflemen Form!	" " 99
Of Old sat Freedom on the Heights	" " 100
To the Queen	" " 101
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington	" " 102
Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 106
The March of the Cameron Men	<i>Mary M. Campbell</i> 109
Strike for Freedom	<i>John T. Murdoch</i> 109
Horatius	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> 110
The Battle of Naseby (1645)	" " 113
The Spanish Armada	" " 115
Ivry	" " 118
The Name of England	<i>Felicia Hemans</i> 121
The Battle of Morgarten	" " 122

CONTENTS

XV

	PAGE
Battle Song (1832)	<i>E. Elliott</i> 125
Edinburgh after Flodden	<i>William E. Aytoun</i> 126
Beat! Beat! Drums!	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 131
The Pipes at Lucknow	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> 132
Barbara Fritchie	" " 135
The Forced Recruit	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 137
Italy, my Italy	" " 138
Boot and Saddle	<i>Robert Browning</i> 141
An Incident of the French Camp	" " 141
The Italian in England	" " 143
Rome	<i>A. H. Clough</i> 147
March of the Men of Harlech	149
The Private of the Buffs	<i>Sir F. H. Doyle</i> 150
Song	<i>John Nicholson</i> 151
The Death of Nelson	<i>Samuel James Arnold</i> 152
The Order of Valour (1856)	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> 154
Creçy (1346)	<i>F. T. Palgrave</i> 154
Elizabeth at Tilbury	" " 156
Forth to the Battle	<i>G. Linley</i> 158
Cambrian War Song	<i>E. Gilbertson</i> 158
Hark! afar the Bugle sounding	<i>W. Maynard</i> 160
England Stands Alone	<i>Theodore Watts-Dunton</i> 161
England	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i> 161
The End of the Armada (1588)	" " 163
The Song of the Standard	" " 165
Italia shall be Free	<i>G. Meredith</i> 166
Not care to Live	<i>A. Austin</i> 166
Culloden (1746)	<i>Andrew Lang</i> 167
The Réveillé	<i>Bret Harte</i> 168
Ballad for a Boy	<i>W. Cory</i> 169
The Memory of the Dead	<i>J. K. Ingram</i> 172
Alma (1854)	<i>R. C. Trench</i> 174
Britons to the Core	<i>Alexander S. Carnegie</i> 175
Brave Beresford	<i>Canon Rawnsley</i> 176
The Belfry of Bruges	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 177
The Children's Song	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 180
England	<i>W. E. Henley</i> 181
Drake's Drum	<i>Henry Newbolt</i> 183
Admirals All.	" " 184
The Vigil	" " 186
A Battle-Song	<i>W. L. Courtney</i> 187
The Call to Arms in our Streets	<i>W. M. Letts</i> 188
Song of the Soldiers	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> 189
The Frontier Line	<i>Sir A. Conan Doyle</i> 190
Britons Beyond the Seas	<i>Harold Begbie</i> 192
A Sing-song of England	<i>Maurice Hewlett</i> 194
The Spirit of England	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i> 196

	PAGE
Wake up, England	<i>Robert Bridges</i> 197
A Song for Belgium	<i>Mackenzie Bell</i> 198
August 1914.	" " 199
Britain's Appeal to her Men	" " 200
Battle Hymn of the Republic	<i>J. W. Howe</i> 201
Cavalry Song	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> 202
My Maryland	<i>J. R. Randall</i> 203
God the All-Terrible	204
The Brabançonne	205
Le Drapeau Belge	<i>Emile Cammaerts</i> 206
La Marseillaise	<i>Rouget de L'Isle</i> 207
Japanese National Anthem	208
God Save the King	209
Notes	211
Index to First Lines	217
Index to Countries	221

PRO PATRIA

I

MARY AMBREE

When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such as would be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

" My soldiers," she saith, " so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be."
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,—
 “ So well thou becomest this gallant array,
 Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
 There was none ever like unto Mary Ambree.”

She cheerèd her soldiers, that fought for life,
 With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
 With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free:
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

“ Before I will see the worst of you all
 To come into danger of death or of thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture so free! ”
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
 'Gainst three times their numbers, by break of the day;
 Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she:
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skies with the smoke of her shot,
 And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
 For one of her own men a score killèd she:
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
 Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
 Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three;
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
 At length she was forcèd to make a retire;
 Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she:
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
 As thinking close siege she could never abide;
 To beat down the walls they all did decree,
 But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three:
Oh what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

“ Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.”
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

“ Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold? ”
“ A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us must a prisoner be.”—

“ No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass callèd Mary Ambree.”—

“ But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.”

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advancèd for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore, English captains of every degree,
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

OLD BALLAD

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away:
These tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And, long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed:

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

“ Show me,” said he, “ whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy, he;
Who said, “ We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

“ Yet will we spend our dearest blood
The chiefest harts to slay; ”
Then Douglas made a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say;

“ Ere thus I will out-braved be
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Percy: so am I.

“ But, trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

“ Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.”

“ Accurst be he,” Lord Percy said,
“ By whom this is denied.”

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “ I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

“ That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on:
Ye be two earls,” said Witherington,
“ And I a squire alone.

“ I’ll do my best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on ev’ry side,
No slackness was there found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In sooth it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter’d here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

“ Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said;
“ In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottish King.

“ Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“ No, Douglas,” quoth Lord Percy then,
“ Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
" Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land! "

A Knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear:

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

Of fifteen hundred English men
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears.
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas, suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh-heavy news!" King James did say;
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy, of Northumberland,
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

PRO PATRIA

“ Now God be with him,” said our King,
 “ Sith’t will no better be;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred good as he.”

God save the King, and bless this land
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foul debate
 ’Twixt noblemen may cease!

OLD BALLAD

3

OTTERBURN

It fell about the Lammas tide,
 When the muir-men win their hay,
 The doughty earl of Douglas rode
 Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Grames,
 With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
 But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
 And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn’d the dales of Tyne,
 And part of Bambrough shire;
 And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
 He left them all on fire.

And he march’d up to Newcastle,
 And rode it round about;
 “ O wha’s the lord of this castle,
 Or wha’s the lady o’t? ”

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a long spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale
To feed my men and me.

“ Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you shall welcome be;
 And, if you come not at three dayis end,
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee.”

“ Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
 “ By the might of Our Ladye! ”—
 “ There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas,
 “ My trowth I plight to thee.”

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent sae brown;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
 Sent out his horse to grass;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn—
 “ O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy's hard at hand.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
 Sae loud I hear ye lie:
 For Percy had not men yestreen,
 To dight my men and me.

“ But I hae dream'd a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Skye;
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his good braid sword,
 And to the field he ran;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good braid sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—" Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

" My nephew good," the Douglas said,
" What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

" My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

" O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindesays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swappèd swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

“ Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy! ” he said,
“ Or else I vow I'll lay thee low! ”
“ Whom to shall I yield,” said Earl Percy,
“ Now that I see it must be so? ”

“ Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee! ”

“ I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.”

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

OLD BALLAD

4

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most courageous officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he:
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musket and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail:

The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver;
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away;
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
If here we longer stay;

For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight ;
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which echoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England !
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victorie.
O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won ;
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To the soldiers that were maimèd,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day ;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free :
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed ;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid

To fight with foreign enemies,
 And set out nation free.
 And thus I end the bloody bout
 Of brave Lord Willoughby.

OLD BALLAD

5

ENGLAND

Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation, through the world,
 Is now leas'd out,—I die pronouncing it,—
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death.

W. SHAKESPEARE

6

THE FEAST OF CRISPIAN

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
 If we are marked to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me

For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more.
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition—
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

W. SHAKESPEARE

7

HARFLEUR

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
 Cry "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

W. SHAKESPEARE

8

ENGLAND

This England never did, nor never shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

W. SHAKESPEARE

9

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance,
 Longer not tarry,
 But put unto the main:
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
 With all his warlike train
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort,
 Coming toward Agincourt
 (In happy hour),

Skirmishing day by day
With those oppose his way,
Whereas the General lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
As Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 Unto him sending:
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth famous Henry then,
“ Though they be one to ten,
 Be not amazed:
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Evermore to the sun
 By fame are raised.

“ And for my self (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain;
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me

“ Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is,

PRO PATRIA

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
In many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there.
And now preparing were
For the false Frenchmen.

And ready to be gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum unto drum did groan,
To hear was wonder:
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O, noble Erpingham!
That didst the signal frame
Unto the forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

The Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather:

None from his death now starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
No man was tardy.
Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went,
These men were hardy.

When now that noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Into the host did fling,
As to o'erwhelm it;
Who many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother:
Clarence in steel most bright,
That yet a maiden knight,
Yet in this furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foes invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.

Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby,
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

On happy Crispin day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O! when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again,
 Such a King Harry?

M. DRAYTON

10

THE JOY OF BATTLE

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in;
 Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
 Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
 Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields and spears!
 Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
 O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring!
 The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!
 Dub, dub!

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:
 See how the arrows fly,
 That darken all the sky!
 Hark how the trumpets sound!
 Hark how the hills rebound—
 Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara!

Hark how the horses charge! in, boys! boys, in!
 The battle totters; now the wounds begin:
 O how they cry!
 O how they die!

Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thunder!

See how he breaks the ranks asunder!

They fly! they fly! Eumenes has the chase,

And brave Polybius makes good his place:

To the plains, to the woods,

To the rocks, to the floods,

They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!

Hark how the soldiers hollow!

Hey, hey!

Brave Diocles is dead,

And all his soldiers fled;

The battle's won and lost

That many a life hath cost.

JOHN FLETCHER

II

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

If deeds of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground: and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power

To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

MILTON

12

TO THE LORD GENERAL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued;
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War; new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON

13

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more.

COLONEL LOVELACE

14

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM

But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;

In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

J. ADDISON

15

ADMIRAL BENBOW

O, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
 Where we watered our shipping, and then we weigh'd
 all;
 Full in view on the seas, boys, seven sails we did espy;
 O, we mannèd our capstan, and weigh'd speedily.

The first we came up with was a brigantine sloop,
And we ask'd if the others were as big as they look'd;
But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
We found there were ten men-of-war cruising by.

O, we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours' time;
But the day being spent, boys, and night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning the engagement proved hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow received a chain-shot;
And when he was wounded, to his men he did say,
"Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away."

O, the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry;
"Take me down to the cock-pit, there is ease for my
 smarts,
If my merry men see me, it will sure break their hearts."

The very next morning, by break of the day,
They hoisted their topsails, and so bore away;
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come, all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our king and our queen,
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

ANON.

THE WINNING OF CALES

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threat'ning our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums:
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, etc.

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly,
Braver ships never were seen under sail,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head;
Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tail.
Dub a dub, etc.

Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily,
Where the king's navy securely did ride;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descried.
Dub a dub, etc.

Great was the crying, the running and riding,
Which at that season was made at that place;
The beacons were fired, as need then required;
To hide their great treasure they had little space.
Dub a dub, etc.

There you might see their ships, how they were fired fast,
 And how their men drownèd themselves in the sea;
 There might you hear them cry, wail and weep piteously,
 When they saw no shift to 'scape thence away.
 Dub a dub, etc.

The great St. Philip, the pride of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
 We took in fight manfully and brought away.
 Dub a dub, etc.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardy,
 With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town;
 The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmèd,
 Did fly for their safeguard, and durst not come down.
 Dub a dub, etc.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have,
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;
 But look that the women and children you save.
 Dub a dub, etc.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung up flags of truce and yielded the town;
 We marched in presently, decking the walls on high,
 With English colours which purchased renown.
 Dub a dub, etc.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searchèd each day;
 In some places we did find pies baking left behind,
 Meat at fire roasting, and folks run away.
 Dub a dub, etc.

Full of rich merchandise, every shop caught our eyes,
 Damasks and satins and velvets full fair;
 Which soldiers measured out by the length of their
 swords;
 Of all commodities each had a share.
 Dub a dub, etc.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 Marched to the market-place, where he did stand:
 There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
 Many craved mercy, and mercy they fannd.
 Dub a dub, etc.

When our brave general saw they delayèd all,
 And would not ransom their town as they said,
 With their fair wainscots, their presses and bedsteds,
 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
 And when the town burnèd all in a flame,
 With tara, tantara, away we all came.

ANON.

17

RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain:
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so bless'd as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main;
 And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:
 Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves."

J. THOMSON

18

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH
 OF GENERAL WOLFE

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
 Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
 Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 Whilst thy sad fate exhorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
 Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead—
 Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise!

O. GOLDSMITH

19

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

W. COLLINS

20

BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do, or die!

R. BURNS

21

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee:
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me!
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see:

And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee!
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

R. BURNS

22

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a' liltin' before dawn o' day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting at the ewe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. ELLIOT

23

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 —Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

24

O Friend; I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. WORDSWORTH

25

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. WORDSWORTH

26

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed
 I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

W. WORDSWORTH

27

Another year!—another deadly blow!
 Another mighty Empire overthrown!
 And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
 The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
 That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
 That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
 That we must stand unpropped or be laid low.
 O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
 We shall exult, if they who rule the land
 Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
 Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
 Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
 And honour which they do not understand.

W. WORDSWORTH

28

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
 Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights and plains,
 War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains
 Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
 The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse
 Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
 To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
 Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews

The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadows-ground, serene and still!

W. WORDSWORTH

29

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON

30

THE EVE OF QUATRE BRAS

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell:
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echoes would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amid the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come,
they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But, with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LORD BYRON

31

A GREEK WAR SONG

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS

Sons of Greeks! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife!
 Hellénes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life!
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me!
 And the seven hill'd city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.
 Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,

Who saved thee once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, etc.

LORD BYRON

32

FRANCE

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom such as God hath given
Unto all beneath His Heaven.
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth:
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water
In imperial seas of slaughter!

But the heart and the mind,
 And the voice of mankind,
 Shall arise in communion—
 And who shall resist that proud union?
 The time is past when swords subdued—
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
 Even in this low world of care
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
 Millions breathe but to inherit
 Her for ever bounding spirit—
 When once more her hosts assemble,
 Tyrants shall believe—and tremble;
 Smile they at this idle threat?
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

LORD BYRON

33

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE 47

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON

34

WHEN A MAN HATH NO FREEDOM

When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home.
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome.
And get knock'd on the head for his labours.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for freedom whenever you can
And, if not shot or hanged, you'll be knighted.

LORD BYRON

35

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

C. WOLFE

THE LOST EXPEDITION WITH FRANKLIN

Lift—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast,
 Folded in endless winter's chill embraces;
 Unshroud for us awhile our brave ones lost!
 Let us behold their faces!

In vain! the North has hid them from our sight;
 The snow their winding-sheet,—their only dirges
 The groan of icebergs in the Polar night,
 Racked by the savage surges.

No funeral torches, with a smoky glare
 Shone a farewell upon their shrouded faces;
 No monumental pillar, tall and fair,
 Towers o'er their resting-places.

But northern streamers flare the long night through
 Over the cliffs stupendous, fraught with peril,
 Of icebergs, tinted with a ghostly hue
 Of amethyst and beryl.

No human tears upon their graves are shed—
 Tears of domestic love or pity holy;
 But snowflakes from the gloomy sky o'erhead,
 Down shuddering, settle slowly.

Yet history shrines them with her mighty dead,
 The hero seamen of this isle of Britain;
 And, when the brighter scroll of *Heaven* is read,
 There will their names be written.

T. HOOD

37

ON ROBERT EMMET'S GRAVE

(1812. Pub. 1886.)

No trump tells thy virtues—the grave where they rest
 With thy dust shall remain unpolluted by fame,
 Till thy foes, by the world and by fortune caressed,
 Shall pass like a mist from the light of thy name.

When the storm-cloud that lowers o'er the day-beam is
 gone,
 Unchanged, unextinguished its life-spring will shine;
 When Erin has ceased with their memory to groan,
 She will smile through the tears of revival on thine.

P. B. SHELLEY

38

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 " This is my own, my native land! "
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

SIR W. SCOTT

THE BOLD DRAGOON

'Twas a Maréchal of France and he fain would honour
gain,
And he longed to take a passing glance at Portugal from
Spain;
With his flying guns, this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée—
O, he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,
When, 'twas peste! morbleau! mon Général,
Hear the English bugle-call!
And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through
the wall;
They took no time to seek the door,
But best foot set before—
O, they ran from our dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Those valiant men of France, they had scarcely fled a
mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the British
rank and file;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway then
 Ne'er minded one to ten,
 But came on like light dragoons, with their long swords,
 boldly riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand
 reel,
 Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of
 Sheffield steel,
 Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
 And Beresford them led;
 So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long swords,
 boldly riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to
 Long,
 And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:
 The eagles that to fight he brings
 Should serve his men with wings,
 When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long
 swords, boldly riding,
 Whack, fal de ral, etc.

SIR W. SCOTT

NELSON, PITT, AND FOX

(1805-6)

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory reappears.

But oh! my country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate?

What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep grav'd in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave.
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blaz'd, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And serv'd his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,

Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Had'st thou but liv'd, thou stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had rous'd the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.

For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that lov'd to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
“ All peace on earth, good-will to men; ”
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward this firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust,
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

SIR W. SCOTT

41

FLODDEN

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;
 But nought distinct they see:
 Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight:
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

SIR W. SCOTT

SONG

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting-fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.

SIR W. SCOTT

43

WAR SONG

OF THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
 The bugles sound the call;
 The Gallic navy stems the seas,
 The voice of battle's on the breeze,
 Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
 A band of brothers true;
 Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
 With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
 We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
 Dull Holland's tardy train;
 Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn;
 Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
 And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call
 Their brethren's murder gave,
 Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
 Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
 Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward one and all!

SIR W. SCOTT

BANNOCKBURN

The Monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet.
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host. Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.
O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set

Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
" Know'st thou," he said, " De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line? "
" The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well."
" And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?
Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him, sweep him from our path! "
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.
Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast. Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye,
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash to flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock
If that slight palfrey stand the shock;
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint, the first, the last!

Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut ;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse ;
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune !

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,
Dark rolling like the ocean-ride
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide

To all that bars his way !

In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad

The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.

Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,

And raised his left hand high ;

To the right ear the cords they bring ;
At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,

Ten thousand arrows fly !

Nor paused on the devoted Scot

The ceaseless fury of their shot ;

As fiercely and as fast

Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing

As the wild hailstones pelt and ring

Adown December's blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride

 If the fell shower may last!

Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood

 The Scottish chivalry;

With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;

 Then "Mount, ye gallants free!"

He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.

On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,

 And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—

 "Forth, Marshal; on the peasant foe!

 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,

 And cut the bow-string loose!"

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,

They rush'd among the archer ranks.

No spears were there the shock to let,

No stakes to turn the charge were set,

And how shall yeoman's armour slight

Stand the long lance and mace of might?

Or what may their short swords avail

'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?

Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,

High o'er their heads the weapons swung,

And shriek and groan and vengeful shout

Give note of triumph and of rout!

Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,

Their English hearts the strife made good.

Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!
Fitter to plunder chase or park
Than make a manly foe their mark.
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray
The field show'd fair and level way;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!

With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread
As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!

The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge;

The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!

The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.

The multitude that watch'd afar
 Rejected from the ranks of war,
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand.
 To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,
 And, like a banner'd host afar,
 Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already, scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
 The rearward squadrons fled amain,
 Or made but doubtful stay;
 But when they mark'd the seeming show
 Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,
 The boldest broke array.
 O give their hapless prince his due!
 In vain the royal Edward threw
 His person 'mid the spears,
 Cried "Fight!" to terror and despair,
 Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,
 And cursed their caitiff fears;
 Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
 And forced him from the fatal plain.

SIR W. SCOTT

BORDER MARCH

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.

PRO PATRIA

Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR W. SCOTT

THE CRUSADER

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
 From Palestine the champion came;
 The cross upon his shoulders borne,
 Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
 Each dint upon his batter'd shield
 Was token of a foughten field;
 And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
 He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

“ Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold
 Return'd from yonder land of gold;
 No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
 Save his good arms and battle-steed;

His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low ;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

“ Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might!
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrels shall sing, and herald tell—
' Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!

“ ‘ Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled.’

“ Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.”

SIR W. SCOTT

47

TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE
BLACK PRINCE

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
 Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
 Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
 In Bordeaux dying lay.

" Raise my faint head, my squires," he said,
" And let the casement be display'd,
 That I may see once more
The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
 And Blay's empurpled shore.

" Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
 As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
 Of their Black Edward dead.

" And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France nor England shall forget

The terror of my name;
 And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
 New planets in these southern skies,
 Through clouds of blood and flame."

SIR W. SCOTT

48

THE GOOD CAUSE

Well hast thou stood, my country! the brave fight
 Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill;
 In thy just cause and in thy native might,
 And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still;
 Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
 Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
 Or when, with better views and freer will,
 Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
 Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
 And bid the banner of thy patron flow,
 Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,
 For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
 And rescued innocence from overthrow,
 And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
 And to the gazing world may'st proudly show
 The chosen emblem of thy sainted knight,
 Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet, 'mid the confidence of just renown,
 Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
 Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:
 'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
 The discipline so dreaded and admired,
 In many a field of bloody conquest known;
 Such may by fame be lured, by gold be hired;
 'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
 Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

SIR W. SCOTT

THE WAR-SONG OF THE MEN OF GLAMORGAN

(Cadlef Gwyr Morganwg)

Red glows the forge, in Strighul's bounds,
 And hammers din, and anvil sounds;
 And armourers with iron toil,
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel,
 Around the courser's thund'ring heel,
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound,
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground.

From Chepstow's walls at dawn of morn,
 Was heard afar the bugle horn,
 And forth in banded pomp and pride,
 Stout Clare and fiery Nevill ride;
 They swore their banners broad should gleam,
 In crimson light on Rhymney's stream;
 They vow'd Caerphili's sod should feel
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
 That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil,
 Their orphans long the art may rue,
 For Nevill's war-horse forged the shoe!
 No more the stamp of armed steed,
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
 Nor trace be there in early Spring,
 Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

Trans. by SIR W. SCOTT

ODE WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS
WITH BONAPARTE

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd,
And to the injured power?

Who counsels peace, when Vengeance like a flood
Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed;
When innocent blood

From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accursèd head;

When Freedom hath her holy banner spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when with one sublime accord
Europe throws off the yoke abhorred,
And Loyalty and Faith and Ancient Laws
Follow the avenging sword?

Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame,
If this heroic land,

False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world, if Bonaparte's throne
Be suffer'd still to stand!

For by what names shall Right and Wrong be known?

What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For Falsehood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,

And France, who yearns even now to break her chain,
Beneath his iron rule be left to groan?

No! by the innumerable dead
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;

That peace which Death and Judgment can bestow,
That peace be Bonaparte's, and that alone!

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the Leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old flagitious heart.
Have ye not seen him in the balance weighed,
And there found wanting?—On the stage of blood
Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;
And when, by many a battle won,
He placed upon his brow the crown,
Curbing delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavius in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer'd should he lose!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

But Evil was his Good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed.

Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

O France! beneath this fierce Barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine, and blood, and fire have marked thy way
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.

A curse is on thee, France! From far and wide
 It hath gone up to Heaven; all lands have cried
 For vengeance upon thy detested head;
 All nations curse thee, France! for wheresoe'er
 In peace or war thy banner hath been spread,
 All forms of human woe have follow'd there:

The Living and the Dead

Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
 Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
 Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
 The voice of that innumerable throng
 Whose slaughtered spirits day and night invoke
 The everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
 How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how long?

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
 Thyself remorselessly oppressed meantime;
 Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
 Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime.
 And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
 O blind to honour, and to interest blind,
 When thus in abject servitude resigned
 To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
 God's justice, and the heart of humankind!
 Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
 Thyself the while a miserable slave;
 Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
 The dreadful armies of the North advance;
 While England, Portugal, and Spain combined
 Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
 And stand victorious in the fields of France.

One man hath been for ten long wretched years
 The cause of all this blood and all these tears;

One man in this most awful point of time
 Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.

Wait not too long the event,

For now whole Europe comes against thee bent ;
 His wiles and their own strength the nations know
 Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
 The People and the Princes, with one mind,
 From all parts move against the general foe :
 One act of justice, one atoning blow,
 One execrable head laid low,
 Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment :
 Open thine eyes; too long hast thou been blind ;
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind !

France! if thou lov'st thine ancient fame,
 Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
 By the bones that bleach on Jaffa's beach;
 By the blood which on Domingo's shore
 Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
 By the flesh that gorged the wolves of Spain,
 Or stiffened on the snowy plain
 Of frozen Muscovy;
 By the bodies that lie all open to the sky,
 Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
 By the widow's and the orphan's cry,
 By the childless parent's misery,
 By the lives which he hath shed,
 By the ruin he hath spread,
 By the prayers that rise for curses on his head,
 Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
 Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame;
 Open thine eyes! Too long hast thou been blind;
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
 Witnessed, when the torches' light
 To the assembled murderers showed
 Where the blood of Condé flowed;
 By thy murdered Pichegru's fame;
 By murdered Wright (an English name);

By murdered Palm's atrocious doom;
By murdered Hofer's martyrdom;
Oh! by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The Villain's own peculiar private guilt,
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind!
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

ROBERT SOUTHEY

51

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!

PRO PATRIA

For many a thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

- “ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
 And our good Prince Eugene.”
- “ Why ’twas a very wicked thing! ”
 Said little Wilhelmine.
- “ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
 “ It was a famous victory.
- “ And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who such a fight did win.”
- “ But what good came of it at last? ”
 Quoth little Peterkin.
- “ Why that I cannot tell,” said he,
 “ But ’twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day’s renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark’s crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering, sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save:
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!—

T. CAMPBELL

53

MEN OF ENGLAND

Men of England! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood!
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
 If the patriotism of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom?
 What avail in lands of slavery,
 Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we!

T. CAMPBELL

54

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 When furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet!
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England!
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL

56

HEARTS OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships!
Hearts of oak are our men!
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again!

Long years have roll'd by since our flag was unfurled,
The queen of the ocean and dread of the world!
Humanity's call was not uttered in vain;
No delight do we take in red fields of the slain.

But should some huge tyrant by passion misled
Be inclin'd to believe the old Lion is dead,
Our deep booming thunders shall ravage his coast,
And make the proud mocker repent of his boast.

Still, not in mere force do we put our whole trust,
But we feel to be strong is to have our cause just;
And long may peace shed its sweet balm on the earth,
Nor man be call'd great but for goodness and worth.

DAVID GARRICK

57

THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

“ Land of song,” said the warrior bard,
 “ Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee! ”

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder.
 And said, “ No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery.”

T. MOORE

PRO PATRIA MORI

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd!
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine:
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. MOORE

59

ERIN, O ERIN

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
 And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
 Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
 Thus Erin, O Erin, *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

T. MOORE

60

THE PRINCE'S DAY

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in
 showers:
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain

And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen,—
 Oh, my life on your faith! were you summoned this
 minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts, which have suffered too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light, to the last,—
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
 A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

T. MOORE

61

BEFORE THE BATTLE

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again,
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round.

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

T. MOORE

62

AFTER THE BATTLE

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

T. MOORE

63

A NATION ONCE AGAIN!

When boyhood's fire was in my blood
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 Three hundred men and three men,
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A Nation Once Again.

A Nation Once Again!
A Nation Once Again!
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation Once Again.

And from that time through wildest woe
That hope has shone a far light,
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn star-light;
It seemed to rise above my head,
In forum, field and fane,
Its angel voice sang round my bed
A Nation Once Again.

A Nation Once Again!
A Nation Once Again!
Its angel voice sang round my bed
A Nation Once Again.

It whispered, too, that freedom's ark,
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain and lowly.
For freedom comes from God's Right Hand,
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation Once Again.

A Nation Once Again!
A Nation Once Again!
For righteous men must make our land
A Nation Once Again.

And as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me, too, that bidding;
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;

PRO PATRIA

For thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can such hopes be vain!—
 When my dear country shall be made
 A Nation Once Again.

A Nation Once Again!
 A Nation Once Again!
 Yes, my dear country shall be made
 A Nation Once Again.

THOMAS DAVIS

64

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

Oh! the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Curragh of Kildare
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What should the yeomen do,
 But throw off the red and blue,
 And swear that they'll be true
 To the Shan Van Vocht?

What should the yeomen, etc.

And what colour will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What colour will they wear?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 What colour should be seen
 Where our Fathers' homes have been,
 But their own immortal Green?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What colour should, etc.

And will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Will Ireland then be free?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Yes! Ireland shall be free,
 From the centre to the sea;
 Then hurrah for Liberty!
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall, etc.

65

THE SEA FIGHT

The Sun hath ridden into the sky,
And the Night gone to her lair;
 Yet all is asleep
 On the mighty Deep,
And all in the calm gray air.

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream,
As far as the eye may ken;
 But the cannon blast,
 That just now passed,
Hath awakened ten thousand men.

An order is blown from ship to ship;
All round and round it rings;
 And each sailor is stirred
 By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downwards flings.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong;
He girdeth his loins about;
 And he answers the cry
 Of his foeman nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

What follows?—a puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun;
 And a scream, that shoots
 To the heart's red roots,
And we know that a fight's begun.

A thousand shot are at once let loose;
Each flies from its brazen den
 (Like the Plague's swift breath),
 On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak,
 And the frigates all rock and ride,
 And timbers crash,
 And the mad waves dash
 Foaming all far and wide.

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
 All telling one tale of woe,—
 That the struggle still,
 Between good and ill,
 Goes on, in the earth below.

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western road;
 The Moon returns again:
 But, of all who looked bright,
 In the morning light,
 There are only a thousand men.

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high;
 Look up, at the awful sun!
 And, behold,—the sea flood
 Is all red with blood:
 Hush!—a battle is lost,—and won!

B. W. PROCTER

ALL'S WELL

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, on fort, on tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way—
 "Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
 "A friend." "The word." "Good night"; "All's
 well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
 'What cheer? Brother, quickly tell."
 "Above." "Below." "Good night"; "All's well."
 THOMAS DIBDIN

67

ENGLAND

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fulness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

LORD TENNYSON

68

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(1854)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,

PRO PATRIA

Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered!
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

LORD TENNYSON

69

THE HEAVY BRIGADE

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
 Brigade!
 Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
 Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stayed;
 For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by

When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd, " Left wheel into line! " and they wheeled
and obeyed.

Then he looked at the host that had halted he knew not
why,

And he turned half round, and he bad' his trumpeter
sound

To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his
blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
" Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Followed the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of
the fight!

Thousands of horsemen had gathered there on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the
right,

And who shall escape if they close? but he dashed up
alone

Through the great grey slope of men,

Swayed his sabre, and held his own

Like an Englishman there and then;

All in a moment followed with force

Three that were next in their fiery course,

Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,

Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—

Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,

Galloped the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon-shot,

Burst like a thunderbolt,

Crashed like a hurricane,

Broke through the mass from below,

Drove through the midst of the foe,

Plunged up and down, to and fro,

Rode flashing blow upon blow,

Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings, from the left and the right,
And rolled them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea,
And we turned to each other, whispering, all dismayed,
“Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett’s
Brigade.”

“Lost one and all,” were the words
Muttered in our dismay;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Staggered the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foemen surged, and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

LORD TENNYSON

STORM! STORM! RIFLEMEN FORM!

There is a sound of thunder afar,
 Storm in the south that darkens the day,
 Storm of battle and thunder of war,
 Well, if it do not roll our way.
 Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
 Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
 Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
 How should a despot set men free?
 Form! form! Riflemen form!
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
 Look to your butts, and take good aims.
 Better a rotten borough or so,
 Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
 Form! form! Riflemen form!
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die;
 Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
 True, that we have a faithful ally,
 But only the Devil knows what he means.
 Form! form! Riflemen form!
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

LORD TENNYSON

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

LORD TENNYSON

72

TO THE QUEEN

Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
“ She wrought her people lasting good;

“ Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

“ And statesmen at her council met
 Who knew the seasons when to take
 Occasion by the hand, and make
 The bounds of freedom wider yet

“ By shaping some august decree,
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,
 Broad-based upon her people’s will,
 And compass’d by the inviolate sea.”

LORD TENNYSON

73

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
 WELLINGTON

Who is he that cometh, like an honour’d guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman, that is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea;
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England’s greatest son,
 He that gain’d a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye

Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,

O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.

Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outreden
 All voluptuous garden roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory:
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is high;
 To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the huge drum makes reply:
 Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
 And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.
 To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
 And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret
stair.

Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and
glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features
ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black dragoons
of Pride;

The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their
wing,
And hear her loyal soliders' shout, for God and for the
King!"—

'Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;
They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the Rhine:
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is
down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York
to-night."

The Knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout—
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it
out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a
stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of
fear;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here.
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
“Down, down,” they cry, “with Belial, down with him to
the dust!”

“I would,” quoth grim old Oliver, “that Belial’s trusty
sword

This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord.”—

The lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle’s highest
tower.—

“What news, what news, old Anthony?”—“The field is
lost and won;

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master’s step should be.”—

“I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a
fray,

As e’er was proof of soldier’s thews, or theme for minstrel’s lay.
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.* ;
I’ll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out
his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!

“Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for
France,

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm’s mischance;
Or, if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy!—out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston Moor!”

W. M. PRAED

75

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN

There's many a man of the Cameron clan
That has followed his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen,
While light-springing footsteps are trampling the
heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.
I hear the pibroch, etc.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said
That whatever men dare they can do.
I hear the pibroch, etc.

MARY M. CAMPBELL

76

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM

Men of England, Scotland, Ireland,
Soldiers of a dauntless race,
Ye who never failed your country,
Ye who never knew disgrace—
Sound the trumpet! Raise the standard!
Voice again your battle song,
With its wild, triumphant music,
As we bravely march along.

Men of England, Scotland, Ireland,
 Strike for freedom with a might;
 Strike once more for Queen and country,
 Mid the thunder of the fight;
 As ye pray the prayer of soldiers,
 When the hour of fight draws nigh,
 Pray our Generals may be guided
 By Almighty God on high.

JOHN T. MURDOCH

77

HORATIUS

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home,
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry:
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows,
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands:

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;

When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY

78

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

(1645)

Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod!
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
 That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essencèd hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The general rode along us to form us to the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close
 your ranks;
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground.
 Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen on
 our rear?
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
 Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar,
 And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broadpieces and
loquets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell
and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and
your spades?

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and
the Word.

LORD MACAULAY

THE SPANISH ARMADA

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace:
 And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of *Edgecumbe's* lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the
 drums;
 His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
 space;
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the *Lion of the sea* lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
 So stalk'd he when he turned to flight, on that famed *Picard*
 field,
 Bohemia's plume, and *Genoa's* bow, and *Cæsar's* eagle shield.
 So glared he when at *Agincourt* in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers,
 fair maids:
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
 blades:
 Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
 Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
 fold;
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of
 gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of
fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew:

Heroused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol
town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red
light.

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of
fear;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each
roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
 errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the gallantsquires of Kent.
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
 couriers forth;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
 the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
 All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from
 hill to hill:
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rockydales,
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
 height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
 light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY

80

IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are.
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our Lord the
King! "

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne,
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
 crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
 his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
 mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 "Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to
 man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
 to-day,

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
 And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
 church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
 of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

LORD MACAULAY

81

THE NAME OF ENGLAND

The trumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thrilling tone;
And the first, deep gun of an ocean-fight
Dread music all its own.

But a mightier power, my England,
Is in that name of thine,
To strike the fire from every heart
Along the bannered line.

Proudly it woke the spirits
Of yore, the brave and true,
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,
And the yeoman's arrow flew.

And proudly hath it floated
Through the battle of the sea,
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths played
Like the lightning in its glee.

On rock, on wave, on bastion,
 Its echoes have been known;
 By a thousand streams the hearts lie low
 That have answered to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains
 Its pealing note hath stirred—
 Sound on, and on, for evermore,
 O thou victorious word!

FELICIA HEMANS

82

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

The wine-month shone in its golden prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound through the Switzer's clime,
 Than the vintage-music, rung;
 A sound, through vaulted cave,
 A sound, through echoing glen,
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
 'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wide and far,
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war,
 With a thousand of their own.
 And through the forest-glooms
 Flashed helmets to the day,
 And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
 As the host of the Austrian passed;
 And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.

Up 'midst the Righi snows,
 The stormy march was heard,
 With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,
 With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,
 Moved onwards, in princely state.
 They came with heavy chains,
 For the race despised so long;
 But amidst his Alp-domains
 'The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
 When they entered the rock-defile,
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
 Their bugles rung the while.
 But on the misty height,
 Where the mountain-people stood,
 There was stillness, as of night,
 When storms at a distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
 And a pause,—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
 Of the hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they looked not to the misty height
 Where the mountain people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
 In the rustling forest-shade.

There were prince and crested knight,
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
Oh! the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came like lauwine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain side,
And the Switzers rushed from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They stormed the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then
From its place of waving free
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake
From the reapers of the field!

The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
 When the Austrian turned to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelmed was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
 Went back from the battle-toil,
 To their cabin homes 'midst the deep green hills,
 All burdened with royal spoil,
 There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When children sprung to greet their sires
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

FELICIA HEMANS

83

BATTLE SONG

(1832)

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
 What then? 'Tis day!
 We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
 To arms! away!
 They come! they come! the knell is rung
 Of us or them;
 Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem.

What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear—
 What pension'd slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear?
 Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
 Our blood to spill?
 Wear they the livery of the Czar?
 They do his will.
 Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
 Nor plume, nor torse—
 No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
 Our foot and horse.
 But, dark and still, we inly glow,
 Condensed in ire!
 Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire.
 In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
 Insults the land;
 Wrongs, vengeance, and the Cause are ours,
 And God's right hand!
 Madmen! they trample into snakes
 The wormy clod!
 Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
 The sword of God!
 Behind, before, above, below,
 They rouse the brave;
 Where'er they go, they make a foe,
 Or find a grave.

E. ELLIOTT

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

News of battle! news of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky—
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
“Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?”
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city-band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
“Tell us all—O, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?”

Like a corpse the grizzly warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel;
 But no word he speaks in answer—
 Only with his armèd heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward
 Up the city streets they ride;
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying by his side:
 "By the God that made thee, Randolph!
 Tell us what mischance hath come."
 Then he lifts his riven banner,
 And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had charged
 To watch the tower and wall.
 "Your hands are weak with age," he said,
 "Your hearts are stout and true;
 So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you.
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear,
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum—
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray,
 Then man the walls like burghers stout,
 And fight while fight you may.
 'Twere better that in fiery flame
 The roof should thunder down,
 Than that the foot of foreign foe
 Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek.
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.
And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
O, woful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily:
" Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace! "

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud;
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: " That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there;
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing;
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King! "

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing, in despair!
" O, the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O, our King—the good, the noble—
Shall we see him never more?

Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
 O, our sons, our sons and men!
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
 Surely some will come again! "
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem—
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
 Ye may look in vain for them!

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

85

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless
 force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
 Into the school where the scholar is studying;
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have
 now with his bride,
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or
 gathering his grain,
 So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you
 bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the
 streets;
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no
 sleepers must sleep in those beds,
 No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—
 would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the
 judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles, wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
 Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
 Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie await-
 ing the hearses,
 So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles
 blow.

WALT WHITMAN

86

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills;
 The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills!
 Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
 And plaided mountaineer—
 To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear.
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
 Round and round the jungle-serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept.

“ Pray for rescue, wives and mothers!
Pray to-day! ” the soldier said;
“ To-morrow, death’s between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
“ Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o’ Havelock sound! ”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother’s cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell’s call,
“ Hark! hear ye no’ MacGregor’s,
The grandest o’ them all! ”

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper’s blast.

PRO PATRIA

Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
" God be praised! The march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans! "

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

J. G. WHITTIER

87

BARBARA FRITCHIE

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down:

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced,—the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
 It rent the banner with seam and gash,
 Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf

She leaned far out on the window sill
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
 "Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
 Over the face of the leader came;
 The noble nature within him stirred
 To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
 Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed |
 Over the heads of the rebel host;
 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.
 Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
 And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
 Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and Order, and Beauty draw
 Round the symbol of light and law,
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

J. G. WHITTIER

88

THE FORCED RECRUIT

SOLFERINO, 1859

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands;—
“ Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

“ Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away! ”

So thought he, so died he this morning.
 What then? many others have died.
 Aye, but easy for men to die scorning
 The death-stroke, who fought side by side—

One tricolour floating above them;
 Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
 Of an Italy rescued to love them
 And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honour,
 Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
 With the tyrants who march in upon her,
 Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
 Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
 With most filial obedience, conviction,
 His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
 While digging a grave for him here:
 The others who died, says your poet,
 Have glory—let *him* have a tear.

E. B. BROWNING

89

ITALY, MY ITALY

But Italy, my Italy,
 Can it last, this gleam?
 Can she live and be strong,
 Or is it another dream
 Like the rest we have dreamed so long?
 And shall it, must it be,
 That after the battle-cloud has broken

She will die off again
Like the rain,
Or like a poet's song
Sung of her, sad at the end
Because her name is Italy—
Die and count no friend?
Is it true,—may it be spoken,—
That she who has lain so still,
With a wound in her breast,
And a flower in her hand,
And a grave stone under her head,
While ever nation at will
Beside her has dared to stand
And flout her with pity and scorn,
Saying, " She is at rest,
She is fair, she is dead,
And leaving room in her stead
To Us who are later born
This is certainly best! "
Saying, " Alas, she is fair,
Very fair, but dead,
And so we have room for the race."
—Can it be true, be true,
That she lives anew?
That she rises up at the shout of her sons,
At the trumpet of France,
And lives anew?—is it true
That she has not moved in a trance,
As in Forty-eight?
When her eyes were troubled with blood
Till she knew not friend from foe,
Till her hand was caught in a strait
Of her cerement and baffled so
From doing the deed she would;
And her weak foot stumbled across
The grave of a king,
And down she dropt at heavy loss.

And we gloomily covered her face and said,
 " We have dreamed the thing;
 She is not alive, but dead."

Ay, it is so, even so,
 Ay, and it shall be so.

Each broken stone that long ago
 She flung behind her as she went
 In discouragement and bewilderment,
 Through the cairns of Time, and missed her way
 Between to-day and yesterday,
 Upsprings a living man.

And each man stands with his face in the light
 Of his own drawn sword,
 Ready to do what a hero can.
 Wall to sap, or river to ford,
 Cannon to front, or foe to pursue,
 Still ready to do, and scorn to be true,
 As a man and a patriot can.
 Piedmontese, Neapolitan,
 Lombard, Tuscan, Romagnole,
 Each man's body having a soul—
 Count how many they stand,
 All of them sons of the land.

Every live man there
 Allied to a dead man below,
 And the deadest with blood to spare,
 To quicken a living hand,
 In case it should ever be slow.

Count how many they come
 To the beat of Piedmont's drum,
 With faces keener and grayer
 Than swords of the Austrian slayer
 All set against the foe.

" Emperor
 Evermore."

90

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery grey.

“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! ”

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 “ God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! ”

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
 Who laughs, “ Good fellows ere this, by my fay,”

“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! ”

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, “ Nay!
 I've better counsellors; what counsel they? ”

“ Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! ”

ROBERT BROWNING

91

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day—
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy;
 You hardly could suspect
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)—
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I to heart's desire
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed, but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes—
 " You're wounded! " " Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 " I'm killed, sire! " And his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping thro' the moss they love:
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;

For at the very rear would troop
 Their wives and sisters in a group
 To help, I knew. When these had passed,
 I threw my glove to strike the last,
 Taking the chance: she did not start,
 Much less cry out, but stooped apart,
 One instant rapidly glanced round,
 And saw me beckon from the ground.
 A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
 She picked my glove up while she stripped
 A branch off, then rejoined the rest
 With that; my glove lay in her breast.
 Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
 It was for Italy I feared.

An hour and she returned alone
 Exactly where my glove was thrown.
 Meanwhile came many thoughts: on me
 Rested the hopes of Italy.
 I had devised a certain tale
 Which when 'twas told her, could not fail
 Persuade a peasant of its truth;
 I meant to call a freak of youth
 This hiding, and give hopes of pay,
 And no temptation to betray.
 But when I saw that woman's face,
 Its calm simplicity of grace,
 Our Italy's own attitude
 In which she walked thus far, and stood,
 Planting each naked foot so firm,
 To crush the snake and spare the worm—
 At first sight of her eyes, I said,
 "I am that man upon whose head
 They fix the price, because I hate
 The Austrians over us: the State
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
 If you betray me to their clutch,

And be your death, for aught I know,
 If once they find you saved their foe.
 Now, you must bring me food and drink,
 And also paper, pen and ink,
 And carry safe what I shall write
 To Padua, which you'll reach at night
 Before the duomo shuts; go in,
 And wait till Tenebræ begin;
 Walk to the third confessional,
 Between the pillar and the wall,
 And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
 Say it a second time, then cease;
 And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
 My letter where you placed your lip;
 Then come back happy we have done
 Our mother service—I, the son,
 As you the daughter of our land! ”

Three mornings more, she took her stand
 In the same place, with the same eyes:
 I was no surer of sun-rise
 Than of her coming. We conferred
 Of her own prospects, and I heard
 She had a lover—stout and tall,
 She said—then let her eyelids fall,
 “ He could do much ”—as if some doubt
 Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
 “ She could not speak for others, who
 Had other thoughts; herself she knew: ”
 And so she brought me drink and food.
 After four days, the scouts pursued
 Another path; at last arrived
 The help my Paduan friends contrived
 To furnish me: she brought the news.
 For the first time I could not choose

But kiss her hand, and lay my own
 Upon her head—" This faith was shown
 To Italy, our mother; she
 Uses my hand and blesses thee."
 She followed down to the sea-shore;
 I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
 Concerning—much less wished for—ought
 Beside the good of Italy,
 For which I live and mean to die!
 I never was in love; and since
 Charles proved false, what shall now convince
 My inmost heart I have a friend?
 However, if I pleased to spend
 Real wishes on myself—say, three—
 I know at least what one should be.
 I would grasp Metternich until
 I felt his red wet throat distil
 In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
 —Nor much for that am I perplexed—
 Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
 Should die slow of a broken heart
 Under his new employers. Last
 —Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
 Do I grow old and out of strength,
 If I resolved to seek at length
 My father's house again, how scared
 They all would look, and unprepared!
 My brothers live in Austria's pay
 —Disowned me long ago, men say;
 And all my early mates who used
 To praise me so—perhaps induced
 More than one early step of mine—
 Are turning wise: while some opine
 " Freedom grows license," some suspect
 " Haste breeds delay," and recollect

They always said, such premature
Beginnings never could endure!
So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile; some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt: what harm
If I sat on the door-side bench,
And, while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them. I'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now.

ROBERT BROWNING

93

ROME

So I have seen a man killed! An experience that, among other!
Yes, I suppose I have; although I can hardly be certain,
And in a court of justice could never declare I had seen it.
But a man was killed, I am told, in a place where I saw
Something; a man was killed, I am told, and I saw something.
I was returning home from St. Peter's; Murray, as usual,
Under my arm, I remember; had crossed the St. Angelo
bridge; and

Moving towards the Condotti, had got to the first barricade,
when

Gradually, thinking still of St. Peter's, I became conscious
Of a sensation of movement opposing me,—tendency this way
(Such as one fancies may be in a stream when the wave of the
tide is

Coming and not yet come,—a sort of noise and retention);
So I turned and, before I turned, caught sight of stragglers
Heading a crowd, it is plain, that is coming behind that corner.
Looking up, I see windows filled with heads; the Piazza
Into which you remember the Ponte St. Angelo enters,
Since I passed, has thickened with curious groups; and now the
Crowd is coming, has turned, has crossed that last barricade, is
Here at my side. In the middle they drag at something.

What is it?

Ha! bare swords in the air, held up? There seem to be voices
Pleading and hands pulling back; official, perhaps; but the
swords are

Many, and bare in the air. In the air? they descend; they
are smiting,

Hewing, chopping—At what? In the air once more up-
stretched? And—

Is it blood that's on them? Yes, certainly blood! Of whom,
then?

Over whom is the cry of this furor of exultation?

While they are skipping and screaming, and dancing their caps
on the points of

Swords and bayonets, I to the outskirts back, and ask a
Mercantile seeming bystander, "What is it?" and he, looking
always

That way, makes me answer, "A Priest, who was trying to
fly to

The Neapolitan army,"—and thus explains the proceeding.
You didn't see the dead man? No;—I began to be doubtful;
I was in black myself, and didn't know what mightn't
happen,

But a National Guard close by me, outside of the hubbub,

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH 149

Broke his sword with slashing a broad hat covered with
dust,—and

Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm, and
Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a
body.

You are the first, do you know, to whom I have mentioned
the matter.

A. H. CLOUGH

94

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing,
Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?
See you not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons, gaily streaming,
Flutter to the breeze?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding,
Summon all at Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding,
Men of Harlech! on to glory,
See your banner, famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye,
" Britain scorns to yield! "

'Mid the fray see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying,
All around the arrows, flying,
Scatter sudden death.
Frighten'd steeds are wildly neighing.
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying,

With their parting breath.
 See, they're in disorder!
 Comrades, keep close order;
 Ever they shall rue the day
 They ventured o'er the Border.
 Now the Saxon flies before us,
 Vict'ry's banner floateth o'er us,
 Raise the loud exulting chorus,
 " Britain wins the field! "

95

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
 He only knows, that not through him
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
 Like dreams to come and go;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow;

The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He puts the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR F. H. DOYLE

With my limbs in the deep,
And my locks all grown hoary,
By cowards insulted and poor,
Few think how I fought
For my country and glory,
Or know half the hardships I bore.

When the wars are all o'er
 I am thought of no more,
 The deeds of my valour are lost;
 Forgot is the day
 Of Trafalgar's dread bay,
 When my comrades to Neptune were toss'd.

Where the waves stood aghast
 At the cannon's dread roaring,
 And the white curling surges retir'd,
 Brave Britons their broadsides
 Were rapidly pouring,
 By Nelson and glory inspir'd!

Then the prince of the deeps
 His trident uprear'd,
 A moment in wonder he gaz'd;
 But, struck with great terrors,
 He soon disappear'd,
 Our cannon so dreadfully blaz'd!

In the midst of the conflict
 Great Nelson undaunted,
 Regarded nor balls nor the wave,
 But ordered the grog
 When the British tars wanted
 And told us what England expects from the brave!

JOHN NICHOLSON

THE DEATH OF NELSON

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
 Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears.

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay,
We saw the foemen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home nor beauty.
Along the line the signal ran—
“ England expects that ev'ry man
 This day will do his duty.”

And now the cannons roar
Along the affright'd shore;
 Our Nelson led the way.
His ship the Vict'ry named,
Long be that Vict'ry famed,
 For vict'ry crowned the day.
But dearly was the conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty.
He cried as 'midst the fire he ran—
 “ England expects,” etc.

At last the fatal wound
Which spread dismay around
 The hero's breast received.
“ Heav'n fights on our side!
The day's our own! ” he cried.
 “ Now long enough I've lived!
In honour's cause my life was pass'd,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty.”
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that ev'ry man
 That day had done his duty.

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD

98

THE ORDER OF VALOUR

(1856)

Thus saith the Queen; " For him who gave
 His life as nothing in the fight,—
 So he from Russian wrong might save
 My crown, my people, and my right,—
 Let there be made a cross of bronze
 And grave thereon my queenly crest,
 Write VALOUR on its haughty scroll
 And hang it on his breast."

Thus saith the Land; " He who shall bear
 Victoria's cross upon his breast,
 In token that he did not fear
 To die—had need been—for her rest;
 For the dear sake of her who gives,
 And the high deeds of him who wears,
 Shall, high or low, all honour have
 From all, through all his years."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

99

CREÇY

(1346)

At Crécy by Somme in Ponthieu
 High up on a windy hill
 A mill stands out like a tower;
 King Edward stands on the mill.
 The plain is seething below
 As Vesuvius seethes with flame,
 But O! not with fire, but gore,
 Earth incarnadined o'er,

Crimson with shame and with fame:—
 To the King run the messengers, crying
 "Thy Son is hard-press'd to the dying!"
 —"Let alone: for to-day will be written in story
 "To the great world's end, and for ever:
 "So let the boy have the glory."

Erin and Gwalia there
 With England are rank'd against France;
 Outfacing the oriflamme red
 The red dragons of Merlin advance:—
 As a harvest in autumn renew'd
 The lances bend o'er the fields;
 Snow-thick our arrow-heads white
 Level the foe as they light;
 Knighthood to yeomanry yields:—
 Proud heart, the King watches, as higher
 Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher:—
 "To-day is a day will be written in story
 "To the great world's end, and for ever!
 "Let the boy alone have the glory."

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea
 By Norman arrow laid low,—
 When the shield-wall was breach'd by the shaft,
 —Thou art avenged by the bow!
 Chivalry! name of romance!
 Thou art henceforth but a name!
 Weapon that none can withstand,
 Yew in the Englishman's hand,
 Flight-shaft unerring in aim!
 As a lightning-struck forest the foemen
 Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen:—
 —"O to-day is a day will be written in story
 "To the great world's end, and for ever!
 "So, let the boy have the glory."

Pride of Liguria's shore
 Genoa wrestles in vain;
 Vainly Bohemia's King
 Kinglike is laid with the slain.
 The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,
 The shame of the centuries o'er;
 Where the pride of the Norman had sway
 The lions lord over the fray,
 The legions of France are no more:—
 —The Prince to his father kneels lowly;
 —“ His is the battle; his wholly!
 “ For to-day is a day will be written in story
 “ To the great world's end, and for ever:—
 “ So, let him have the spurs and the glory! ”
 F. T. PALGRAVE

100

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY

(Autumn, 1588)

Let them come, come never so proudly,
 O'er the green waves in tall array;
 Silver clarions menacing loudly,
 “ All the Spains ” on their pennons gay;
 High on deck of their gilded galleys
 Our light sailers they scorn below:—
 We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
 Till their flag hauls down to the foe!
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
 God save Elizabeth!

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
 Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn;
 Lords and Princes by Philip's favour:
 We by birthright are noble born!

Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
 Sons of Cressy and Flodden are we:
 We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them,—
 English boats on the English sea!
 And our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
 God save Elizabeth!

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil and Brooke,
 Hang like wasps by the flagships tower'd,
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak:—
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvas wide!
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
 God save Elizabeth!

—Has God risen in wrath and scatter'd,
 Have His tempests smote them in scorn?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?
 We were as lions hungry for battle;
 God has made our battle His own!
 God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd them:
 Give the glory to Him alone!
 With our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death:
 God save Elizabeth!

101

FORTH TO THE BATTLE
(Rhyvelgyrch Cadben Morgan)

Forth to the battle! onward to the fight,
Swift as the eagle in his flight!
Let not the sunlight o'er our pathway close,
Till we o'erthrow our Saxon foes.
Strong as yonder foaming tide,
Rushing down the mountain side;
Be ye ready, sword and spear
Pour upon the spoiler near.

Winds! that float us, bid the tyrant quail,
Ne'er shall his ruffian bands prevail!
Morning shall view us fetterless and free,
Slaves ne'er shall Cymry's children be.
Heaven our arms with conquest bless,
All our bitter wrongs redress;
Strike the harp! awake the cry!
Valour's sons, fear not to die.

Trans. by GEORGE LINLEY

102

CAMBRIAN WAR-SONG
(Y Gadlef Gymreig)

Rouse ye men of Cambria,
Men of Cambria rouse ye,
See! on yonder mountain's brow,
Glow the beacon light!

Warlike songs are singing, while the trumpets ring,
Call the valiant men of Cambria to the coming fight!

What though foes surround us!
Though their chains have bound us,
We will live as freemen live,
Or die as warriors die.

Come with weapons gleaming,
Come with banners streaming,
Raise your glorious battle-cry,
" Cambria shall be free! "

Night winds freshly blowing
Whisper through the trees,
And the streamlet flowing,
Murmurs to the breeze,
All around are sleeping
Save the sentinel,
Or the maid who weeping,
Breathes her sad " farewell! "

Wake then, men of Cambria,
Men of Cambria, rouse ye,
Let us live as freemen live
Or die as warriors die.
With the light of morning,
Freedom's day is dawning,
Onwards to the battlefield,
Strike for liberty!

Come with banners streaming,
Come with weapons gleaming,
Raise again your battlecry,
" Cambria shall be free! "
Onward, men of Cambria,
On to death or victory!

Trans. by EDWARD GILBERTSON

103

HARK! AFAR THE BUGLE SOUNDING

(Dewch I'v Frwydyr)

Hark! afar the bugle sounding!
 Comrades follow one and all,
 We are now the foe surrounding,
 He shall fight us, he shall fall!
 Ev'ry soldier's glorious duty,
 Is to conquer or to die!
 To deserve the smiles of beauty,
 Or in sculptur'd tomb to lie!

Side by side, keep cool and ready,
 Firmly grasp the gleaming sword;
 Eager, valiant hearts, be ready,
 Wait but for the well-known word.
 Then the soldier's glorious duty
 Is to conquer or to die,
 To deserve the smiles of beauty,
 Or in sculptur'd tomb to lie.

Let each man this day recalling,
 Tell how here we fought and bled;
 Names of those around us falling,
 Shall on honour's scroll be read.
 For the soldier's glorious duty
 Is to conquer or to die;
 To deserve the smiles of beauty,
 Or in sculptur'd tomb to lie.

Trans. by WALTER MAYNARD

104

ENGLAND STANDS ALONE

"England stands alone—without an Ally."
—*A German newspaper.*

"She stands alone: ally nor friend has she,"
Saith Europe of our England—her who bore
Drake, Blake, and Nelson—Warrior-Queen who wore
Light's conquering glaive that strikes the conquered free.
Alone?—From Canada comes o'er the sea,
And from that English coast with coral shore,
The old-world cry Europe hath heard of yore
From Dover cliffs: "Ready, aye ready we!"
"Europe," saith England, "hath forgot my boys!—
Forgot how tall, in yonder golden zone
'Neath Austral skies, my youngest born have grown
(Bearers of bayonets now and swords for toys)—
Forgot 'mid boltless thunder—harmless noise—
The sons with whom old England 'stands alone'!"

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

105

ENGLAND

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate
girdle enrings thee round,
Mother, fair as the morning, where is now the place of
thy foemen found?
Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them stricken,
acclaims thee crowned.
Time may change, and the skies grow strange with signs
of treason, and fraud, and fear:

Foes in union of strange communion may rise against thee from far and near:

Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should league and lie and defame and smite,

We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred burns of the sons of night,

We that love thee, behold above thee the witness written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that none may read not by eyeless foes:

Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful now but as madness grows:

Love, born wise, with excellent eyes adores thy glory, beholds and glows.

Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie, forsaking the face of truth:

Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born again from thy deathless youth:

Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert thou the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive to sting thee at heel in vain;

Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn and murmur and plead and plain:

Thou art thou: and thy sunbright bow is hers that blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim in place of thee England's place:

Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of record, so clothed with grace:

Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as strong or as fair of face,

How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear take hold of thy heart? of thine

England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of life
 and with hopes divine?
 Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold not
 light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives by grace
 of thy glory, free,
 Lives and years not at heart and turns with hope to
 serve as he worships thee;
 None may sing thee: the sea-wind's wing beats down our
 songs as it hails the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE

106

THE END OF THE ARMADA

(1588)

Southward to Calais, appalled
 And astonished, the vast fleet veers;
 And the skies are shrouded and palled,
 But the moonless midnight hears
 And sees how swift on them drive and drift strange
 flames that the darkness fears.

They fly through the night from shoreward,
 Heart-stricken till morning break,
 And ever to scourge them forward
 Drives down on them England's Drake,
 And hurls them in as they hurtle and spin and stagger,
 with storm to wake.

Fierce noon beats hard on the battle; the galleons that
 loom to the lee
 Bow down, heel over, uplifting their shelterless hulls
 from the sea;

From scuppers aspart with blood, from guns dismantled
and dumb,
The signs of the doom they looked for, the loud mute
witnesses come.
They press with sunset to seaward for comfort: and
shall not they find it there?
O servants of God most high, shall his winds not pass
you by, and his waves not spare?
The wings of the south-west wind are widened; the
breath of his fervent lips,
More keen than a sword's edge, fiercer than fire, falls full
on the plunging ships.
The pilot is he of their northward flight, their stay and
their steersman he;
A helmsman clothed with the tempest, and girdled with
strength to constrain the sea.
And the host of them trembles and quails, caught fast
in his hand as a bird in the toils;
For the wrath and the joy that fulfil him are mightier
than man's, whom he slays and spoils.
And vainly, with heart divided in sunder, and labour of
wavering will,
The lord of their host takes counsel with hope if haply
their star shine still,
If haply some light be left them of chance to renew and
redeem the fray;
But the will of the black south-wester is lord of the
councils of war to-day.
One only spirit it quells not, a splendour undarkened of
chance or time;
Be the praise of his foes with Oquendo for ever, a name
as a star sublime.
But hear what aid in a hero's heart, what help in his
hand may be?
For ever the dark wind whitens and blackens the hollows
and heights of the sea,

And galley by galley, divided and desolate, founders;
 and none takes heed,
 Nor foe nor friend, if they perish; forlorn, cast off in
 their uttermost need,
 They sink in the whelm of the waters, as pebbles by
 children from shoreward hurled,
 In the North Sea's waters that end not, nor know they
 a bourn but the bourn of the world.
 Past many a secure unavailable harbour, and many a
 loud stream's mouth,
 Past Humber and Tees and Tyne and Tweed, they fly,
 scourged on from the south,
 For the wind, of its godlike mercy, relents not, and
 hounds them ahead to the north,
 With English hunters at heel, till now is the herd of them
 past the Forth,
 All huddled and hurtled seaward; and now need none
 wage war upon these,
 Nor huntsmen follow the quarry whose fall is the
 pastime sought of the seas.

A. C. SWINBURNE

107

THE SONG OF THE STANDARD

Maiden most beautiful, mother most beautiful, lady of lands,
 Queen and republican, crowned of the centuries whose years
 are thy sands,
 See for thy sake what we bring to thee, Italy, here in our hands.

This is the banner, thy gonfalon, fair in the front of thy fight,
 Red from the hearts that were pierced for thee, white as thy
 mountains are white,
 Green as the spring of thy soul everlasting, whose life-blood is
 light.

Take to thy bosom thy banner, a fair bird fit for the nest,
 Feathered for flight into sunrise or sunset, for eastward or west,
 Fledged for the flight everlasting, but held yet warm to thy
 breast.

Gather it close to thee, song-bird or storm-bearer, eagle or dove,
 Lift it to sunward, a beacon beneath to the beacon above,
 Green as our hope in it, white as our faith in it, red as our love.

A. C. SWINBURNE

ITALIA SHALL BE FREE

I cannot count the years
 That you will drink, like me,
 The cup of blood and tears,
 Ere she to you appears:—
 Italia, Italia, shall be free.

You dedicate your lives
 To her and you will be
 The food on which she thrives
 Till her great day arrives:—
 Italia, Italia, shall be free.

G. MEREDITH

NOT CARE TO LIVE

Not care to live while English homes
 Nestle in English trees,
 And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
 Her territorial seas!
 Not live while English songs are sung
 Wherever blows the wind,

And England's laws and England's tongue
 Enfranchise half mankind!
 So long as in Pacific main
 Or on Atlantic strand,
 Our kin transmit the parent strain,
 And love the Mother-land;
 So long as flashes English steel,
 And English trumpets shrill,
 He is dead already who doth not feel
 Life is worth living still.

A. AUSTIN

110

CULLODEN

(1746)

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden
 And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,
 The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
 No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,
 When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,
 And 't is Honour that watches the desolate places
 Where they sleep through the change of the snows and
 the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,
 All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,
 As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,
 As when Gledsmuir was red with the havoc they
 wrought.

*Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,
 Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;
 And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,
 And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die!*

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,
 Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,
 We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
 That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,
 Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain,
 "Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
 But to bring back the old life that comes not again."

ANDREW LANG

III

THE RÉVEILLÉ

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
 And of armèd men the hum;
 Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
 Round the quick alarming drum,—
 Saying, "Come,
 Freemen, come!
 Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick, alarming
 drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
 War is not of life the sum;
 Who shall stay and reap the harvest
 When the autumn days shall come?"
 But the drum
 Echoed, "Come!
 Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-
 sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
 What of profit springs therefrom?
 What if conquest, subjugation,
 Even greater ills become?"

But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
answering drum.

"What if 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant—
Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
"Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE

112

BALLAD FOR A BOY

When George the Third was reigning, a hundred years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
"You're not afraid of shot," said he, "you're not afraid of
wreck;
So cruise about the west of France, in the frigate called
Quebec."

“ Quebec was once a Frenchman’s town, but twenty years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe, you
know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you’d look down a hatchway when standing on the deck.

“ If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can beat
them now:

Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name;
And you’ll remember Wolfe’s good work, and you shall do the
same.”

Then Farmer said, “ I’ll try, sir,” and Farmer bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might be safer,
Signed “ King of Britain, King of France,” and sealed it with
a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the throne:
He’d two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten-score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace of
dogs,

With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate’s side is bright with melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from out the
Breton Bay,

And “ Clear for action!” Farmer shouts, and reefers yell
“ Hooray!”

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could pronounce;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleur-de-lis, and Antoinette the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths could
forge;
And both were simple seamen, but both could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means *the watchful
maid*;
She folded up her head-dress, and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread more
sail;
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the French-
man won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow;
Men hung upon the taffrail half-scorched, but loath to go;
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his
chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding
there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered
boats,
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows! to bring their rivals aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest.
And where the waves leaped lower and the riddled ship went
slower,

In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for Farmer dead;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton bowed the
head.

Then spoke the French lieutenant, "'Twas fire that won,
not we.

You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to England free."

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred seventy-
nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to combine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered not;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster, bear in
mind

Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind,
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a guest.

W. CORY

113

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus:
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few:
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too.
All, all are gone; but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away
Beyond th' Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right—
They fell and pass'd away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory! may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate,
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight!

J. K. INGRAM

114

ALMA

(1854)

Thought till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
 Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea.

Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar
 known,
 Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown,

In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a deathless name,
 And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and
 shrine,
 Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency like thine,

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
 Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourn-
 ing, say—
 When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself
 away—

“ He has past from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them
that died

By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side.”

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those,
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,

Thou on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields
of old,

Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave
and bold:

And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to
be done,

By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights
were won.

O thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea.

R. C. TRENCH

115

BRITONS TO THE CORE

Sons of the heroes bold,

Who fought in days gone by,
Britannia calls for service now—

'Tis yours to do or die.

To do or die on Afric's plain

As Britons only can;

For Freedom strike; in Freedom's cause

You've always led the van.

Sons of the heroes bold,

How honoured is their name,
And worthy sons are ye, we trow,
Of soldiers known to fame.

For Alma's heights, Sebastopol,
 And Waterloo's grim plain,
 All speak to you, in tones full clear
 They speak, and not in vain.

Sons of the heroes bold,
 You know your part full well;
 You proved to all at dark Dargai,
 Omdurman, too, can tell
 That British soldiers are as brave
 As in the days of yore;
 God bless you, gallant soldier lads,
 You're Britons to the core.

ALEXANDER S. CARNEGIE

BRAVE BERESFORD

(An incident of the Zulu War, 1879)

It was Beresford's charger who led us that day,
 When he ventured a view of the king and his horde,
 It was Beresford's charger bore two men away
 From the braves of Ulundi, in ambush who lay;
 To the praise of its rider, our gallant young lord.

Ah! little we knew as we followed their flight,
 And the snowy-flecked chestnut went proud in the van,
 That the foe were all round us to left and to right,
 That a thousand would spring in a moment to sight,
 And every grass-tuft prove a spear and a man.

But we saw on a sudden a mighty Zulu,
 With the ring on his head and the shield on his arm,
 Up-gather himself for the deed he would do,
 But on Beresford's blade turned the lightning that flew,
 And flashed back the flame through the heart that would
 harm.

Then forth from the grasses each side of us showed
 Brindled shields and spears hungry for lying in wait,
 "Back, back!" shouted Buller, and backward we rode,
 While swift from the deep-hidden watercourse flowed
 The foemen by thousands in torrent of hate.

Then the bullet-hail hissed, and we answered it back,
 Two saddles are emptied, a third man is down,
 And his horse, at a gallop, has followed our track—
 Shall Beresford leave him, a prey to the pack,
 Or dare for Old England a deed of renown?

No moment to ponder! but back at full speed,
 With his hand at his holster, and rowels red-rose,
 He has dashed to his comrade-in-arms, at his need,
 Has lifted the man, wounded sore, to his steed,
 Has mounted behind him in face of the foes,

With hands woman-tender but stronger than steel
 He held the faint trooper, nigh drenched with his blood;
 Cheered the steed, who, half human to know and to feel,
 Stretched out, double-weighted, and showed a clean heel,
 Till safe at the Laager in glory she stood.

Oh! sound of the Impis that gather from far,
 When, with shield for their drum-head, the warriors come,
 Oh! sound of the yelp of those death-dogs of war,
 Could you drown the long note of the English hurrah
 Which welcomed the chestnut and Beresford home?

CANON RAWNSLEY

117

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and
 brown;
 Thrice consumed and thrice rebuild'd, still it watches
 o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower
I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of
widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams
and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver round and vast the
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered, from its chimneys here
and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished,
ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning
hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows
wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more
distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden
times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melan-
choly chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns
sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting
of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled
my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, mighty Baldwin Bras de
Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days
of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore
the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp
and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian kneeling humbly on the
ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and
hound.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers
bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs
of Gold.

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods
moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with
terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of
sand:

"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the
land."

Then the sound of drums aroused me, the awakened
 city's roar
 Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their
 graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes, and before I was
 aware,
 Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated
 square.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

118

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

*Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be ;
 When we are grown and take our place,
 As men and women with our race.*

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
 Oh, help Thy children when they call ;
 That they may build from age to age,
 An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
 With steadfastness and careful truth ;
 That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
 The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
 Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
 That we may bring, if need arise,
 No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
 On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;
 That we with Thee may walk uncowed
 By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
 That, under Thee, we may possess
 Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
 Head, heart and hand through the years to be!*

RUDYARD KIPLING

119

ENGLAND

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own?
 With your glorious eyes austere,
 As the Lord were walking near,
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
 Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own?
 When shall he rejoice agen

Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
 England, my England:—
 “ Take and break us: we are yours,
 England, my own!
 Life is good and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky:
 Death is death; but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown! ”

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England:
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own,
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,
 There's the menace of the word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. HENLEY

120

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them
long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him
long ago!

HENRY NEWBOLT

121

ADMIRALS ALL

A SONG OF SEA KINGS

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free!
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he
 Since holidays first began;
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack;
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
 When the great Armada came;
 But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls;"
 And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
 Duncan he had but two;
 But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
 And his colours aloft he flew.
 "I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
 "And I'll sink with a right goodwill:
 For I know when we're all of us under the tide
 My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
 When Nelson sailed the Sound:
 "Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
 Said he, "for a thousand pound!"
 The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head:
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
 And "I'm hanged if I see it!" he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still);
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can take—
 The realm of the circling sea—
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

H. NEWBOLT

THE VIGIL

England! where the sacred flame
 Burns before the inmost shrine,
 Where the lips that love thy name
 Consecrate their hopes and thine,
 Where the banners of thy dead
 Weave their shadows overhead,
 Watch beside thine arms to-night,
 Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
 War shall claim command of all,
 Thou must hear the roll of drums,
 Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
 Now before they silence ruth,
 Commune with the voice of truth;
 England! on thy knees to-night
 Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
 Hither all thy heroes came,
 On this altar's steps were laid
 Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
 England! if thy will be yet
 By their great example set,
 Here beside thine arms to-night
 Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
 Rise to conquer or to fall,
 Joyful hear the rolling drums,
 Joyful hear the trumpets call.
 Then let memory tell thy heart
 "England! what thou wert, thou art!"
 Gird thee with thine ancient might,
 Forth! and God defend the Right!

H. NEWBOLT

123

A BATTLE-SONG

Sons of Britain, old in fame,
Heirs of an immortal name,
Strike, because the danger's near,
Strike for all ye hold most dear;
Plunged in combat, whelmed with strife,
Strike for liberty and life!

Sons of Britain, ye know well
How the clarion trumpets swell
When, like some tempestuous star,
Flares the oriflamme of war!
If it summon you to strife
Strike for liberty and life!

Will ye bear the Teuton heel
Crushing down your Commonweal?
Will ye not avenge the wrong
Europe hath endured so long?
Stay the tyranny and strife,
Strike for liberty and life?

Hark! they mutter in their sleep,
All those heroes of the deep—
Nelson, Rodney, Hawkins, Drake,
All who fought for Britain's sake,
Fought and died that such as we
Might strike for life and liberty!

Ye, who answer Honour's call
To strive, to conquer, or to fall—
Ye who call yourselves the sons
Of Marlboroughs and Wellingtons—
Claim your heritage of strife,
Strike for liberty and life.

Straining upwards to the light,
 Striving ever for the right,
 Sons of Britain, dauntless stand
 For God and King and Fatherland.
 Join the battle, face the strife,
 Strike for liberty and life!

W. L. COURTNEY

124

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREETS

There's a woman sobs her heart out,
 With her head against the door,
 For the man that's called to leave her,
 —God have pity on the poor!
 But it's beat, drums, beat,
 While the lads march down the street,
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children
 That march along and shout,
 For it's fine to play at soldiers
 Now their fathers are called out.
 So it's beat, drums, beat;
 But who'll find them food to eat?
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Ah! the children little know.

There's a mother who stands watching
 For the last look of her son,
 A worn poor widow woman,
 And he her only one.
 But it's beat, drums, beat,
 Though God knows when we shall meet;
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
 For she thinks a war is grand,
 And it's fine to see the lads pass,
 And it's fine to hear the band.

So it's beat, drums, beat,
 To the fall of many feet;
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 God go with you where you go
 To the war.

W. M. LETTS

125

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us;
 What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye
 Who watch us stepping by,
 With doubt and dolorous sigh?
 Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
 Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be!—
 England's need are we;
 Her distress would set us ruing:
 Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see!

PRO PATRIA

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,
 March we to the field ungrieving,
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us;
 Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

THOMAS HARDY

126

THE FRONTIER LINE

What marks the frontier line?
 Thou man of India, say!
 Is it in the Himalayas sheer,
 The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,
 Or Indus as she seeks the south
 From Attoch to the five-fold mouth?
 "Not that! Not that!"
 Then answer me, I pray!
 What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?
 Thou man of Burma, speak!
 Is it traced from Mandalay,
 And down the marches of Cathay,
 From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,

And where the buried rubies lie?

“ Not that! Not that! ”

Then tell me what I seek:

What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou Africander, say!

Is it shown by Zulu kraal,

By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,

Or where the Shiré waters seek

Their outlet east at Mozambique?

“ Not that! Not that! ”

There is a surer way

To mark the frontier line.

What marks the frontier line?

Thou man of Egypt, tell!

Is it traced on Luxor's sand,

Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,

Or where the river runs between

The Ethiop and Bishareen?

“ Not that! Not that! ”

By neither stream nor well

We mark the frontier line.

“ But be it east or west,

One common sign we bear,

The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,

But where your British brothers lie,

The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,

Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave,

'Tis that! 'Tis where

They lie—the men who placed it there,

That marks the frontier line.”

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

127

BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS

God made our bodies of all the dust
That is scattered about the world,
That we might wander in search of home
Wherever the seas are hurled:
But our hearts He hath made of English dust,
And mixed it with none beside,
That we might love with an endless love
The lands where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,
And spin on a thousand quays,
And tho' we are truant with all the winds,
And gipsy with all the seas,
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched
By the sound of an ancient tune,
At the name of the Isle on the Western seas
With the rose on her breast of June.

And it's O for a glimpse of England
And the buds that her garden yields,
The delicate scent which her hedges wind,
And the shimmering green of her fields,
The roll of her downs and the lull of her streams,
And the grace of her dew-drenched lawns,
And the calm of her shores where the waters wash
Rose-tinged with her thousand dawns.

And it's O for a glimpse of London town,
Tho' it be through the fog and the rain,
The loud-thronged streets and the glittering shops,
The pageant of pomp and pain;
And it's O for a sight, tho' it be a dream,
Of the Briton's beacon and pride—
The cold grey Abbey which guards our ghosts
On Thames's sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here,
And here we have reared our sons,
These are our Britons, and here the word
Of the British people runs;
Wherefore the while we call you Home,
And dream of your gentle shires,
We are rooted here by the smile of our babes
And the pilgrim dust of our sires,
Out of the grave our fathers reach
Dead hands to hold us here,
And never we open the earth with tears
But the land becomes more dear—
Sweet with memory, brave with love,
And proud with the hope ahead
That our sons shall be stronger, our homes more fair,
When we go down to the dead.
Loved, you are loved, O England,
And ever that love endures;
But we must have younger visions,
And mightier dreams than yours;
Cleaner Londons and wider fields,
And a statelier bridge to span
The gulf which severs the rich and poor
In the brotherly ranks of Man.
Yet with the bolder vision,
We cleave to you, look to you still,
That you gather our scattered toil and bind
Our strength in a single will;
That you build with us out of the coasts of the earth
A realm, a race, and a rede
That shall govern the peace of the world and serve
The humblest State in her need.
Haply we are but tools in the Hand
Of a Power we do not know,
And not for ourselves we plow the waste,
And not for ourselves we sow;

Yet by the vision that leads us on
 To the goal of a single state,
 We are blessed that our own great weal is woofed
 With strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together,
 We who must follow one gleam,
 Come, let us link our labours,
 And tell each other our dream ;
 Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels
 And Nelson's heart for our task—
 Shall we not answer as one strong man
 To the things that the people ask?
 HAROLD BEGBIE

A SINGSONG OF ENGLAND

O England is an island,
 The fairest ever seen ;
 They say men come to England
 To learn that grass is green.
 And Englishmen are now at war,
 All for this, they say,
 That they are free, and other men
 Must be as free as they.

The Englishmen are shepherds,
 They plow, they sow and reap ;
 Their King may wear his leopards,
 His men must run their sheep.
 But now the crook and reaping-hook,
 The coulter and the sieve
 Are thrown aside: they take the gun
 That other men may live.

Some Englishmen are fishermen,
And other some are miners,
And others man the shipping yards
And build the ocean liners;
But one and all will down tools
And up with gun and sword
To make a stand for Freedom
Against the War Lord.

The pretty girls of England
Are husbanding their charms,
For not a girl of them but has
A sweetheart under arms.
But not a girl of all the flock
Would call across the waves
Her sweetheart to her kindness
While other men are slaves.

There's been an English kingdom
For twice a thousand years;
Her men have plough'd and reap'd it
Thro' merriment and tears.
But never a twenty year has passed
Without some stroke's been given
For Freedom; and the land is free
As any under heaven.

The Roman and the Spaniard,
The Corsican, have tried
Their worst, and now the German
Must perish in his pride.
He may burn and thief and slaughter,
He may scold and storm and pray;
But we shall fight till even his
Stand up free men some day.

When he is free of Germany
 And Germany of him
 There'll be a chance for plain men
 To get old Europe trim.
 Then on, you sturdy English hands,
 And keep the colours flying,
 And we'll not grudge your blessed blood
 If Tyranny's a-dying.

MAURICE HEWLETT

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

My sea-winds I gather, my fields I fill
 With life-giving roots and grain.
 My sons I unite for my greatest fight,
 My dream and desire to gain.

My land I have clothed in its fairest garb,
 Corn-yellow and green and blue.
 I arise in my pride, once more to decide
 In the conflict of false and true.

I summon to battle from plain and hill,
 From woodland and fen and dale,
 From my reeking towns and greyhound downs
 My men to be cast in the scale.

My flesh still quivers. The poisoned barb
 By treacherous foe is flung.
 I have plucked it out; my children shout
 Of the vengeance to be wrung.

But I seek no vengeance, nor demand
 An eye for an eye, nor tooth
 For tooth. I desire to raise from the mire
 My visions of peace and truth.

I have cleansed the seas, and have opened them
To traffic of many ships:
I would purge the land with the same firm hand
To let peace know no eclipse.

My dreams are challenged. I make my stand.
My vision shall still prevail.
From my white tower I send my power
Arrayed in its proven mail.

No glory I covet, nor diadem,
Save honour and peace of soul,
But to see far-flung as my singers have sung
My Freedom from pole to pole.

GILBERT CANNAN

130

WAKE UP, ENGLAND

Thou careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honour
And God guard the Right!

The mirth lay aside,
Thy cavil and play:
The foe is upon thee,
And grave is the day.

The monarch Ambition
Hath harnessed his slaves;
But the folk of the Ocean
Are free as the waves.

For Peace thou art armed
Thy Freedom to hold;
Thy Courage as iron,
Thy Good-faith as gold

PRO PATRIA

Through Fire, Air, and Water
 Thy trial must be:
 But they that love life best
 Die gladly for thee.

The Love of their mothers
 Is strong to command;
 The fame of their fathers
 Is might to their hand.

Much suffering shall cleanse thee;
 But thou through the flood
 Shalt win to Salvation,
 To Beauty through blood.

Up, careless, awake!
 Ye peacemakers, fight!
 ENGLAND STANDS FOR HONOUR:
 GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

ROBERT BRIDGES

131

A SONG FOR BELGIUM

(October 9, 1914)

Not a throb of our hearts but in anguish responds
 To the sight of the dire desolation!
 Oh! cruel the thraldom and bitter the bonds
 Of our wretched and down-trodden nation!
 And in scarce-spoken words we are heard to declare
 War hath made us well-nigh broken-hearted.
 Ah, often, alas, we are fain to despair
 Since joy from our land hath departed.

Yet arouse ye, undaunted, remembering that still
 Retribution is certainly waiting,
 Still strive with the foemen who work us such ill
 'Mid their bland hypocritical prating.
 Keep our nation awake! though down-trodden she lies!
 Not a moment be longer down-hearted!
 And rejoicing will come if fair Belgium arise
 And her freedom return which departed.

MACKENZIE BELL

132

AUGUST 1914

Methought before mine inner sight there came
 A vision of the present. Line on line
 Of brown-clad listening men, with eyes aflame,
 Stood waiting, brows intent, to hear the sign
 Of combat. As I looked, and looked, alas!
 Full many a good man dropped, and, writhing, fell,
 For lo! I saw—I saw as in a glass,
 Foe slain by unseen foe—a glimpse of Hell.
 Once more I gazed. I heard young children cry
 In yonder villages, where rolling smoke
 Showed where large shells had burst, while far and nigh
 Women clasped tight their babes, who ne'er awoke.
 Then, there, the corn stood, all unreaped, till crushed,
 Futile for human food, while ravening strife
 Made earth Gehenna. Gaunt-eyed Famine hushed
 Myriads of silent mothers, worn with life.

Methought before mine inner sight arose
 A vision of the future. Gone for aye
 Were "war-lords," and the peoples bowed to those
 Who worshipped calm-eyed Peace, and only they.

MACKENZIE BELL

133

BRITAIN'S APPEAL TO HER MEN

Yours, not for self, to wield the sword—
Yours, not for self, to speak the word
Duty—which leads, perchance, to death,
Ay, self-less death, your mortal breath
Is doubly glorified, thereby;
'Tis ever thus that heroes die.

Awakened from inglorious ease,
Your call has come at length,
Floats now your flag in every breeze,
Put on, put on, your strength!

Remember, English lads, Louvain;
Dream, stalwart Scotsmen, once again
Of old oppression; ye from Wales
Think how a little State prevails
When just. Let sons of Ireland feel
For Belgium 'neath the foeman's heel.

Let each, awakening from his ease,
Hear his "clear call" at length,
Behold his flag in every breeze,
And so put forth his strength.

What! though amid the noontide glare,
What! though amid the balmy air
Of August nights your comrades died
Retreating. Let it be your pride
Aye to outshine them—till at last
War's lurid stormclouds all are past.

Awakened from inglorious ease
Here sounds your call at length!
There! floats your flag o'er lands and seas!
Be glad! put forth your strength!

MACKENZIE BELL

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored;
 He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
 damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps:
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
 "As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall
 deal;"
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel!
 Since God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make man free,
 While God is marching on.

J. W. HOWE

PRO PATRIA

135

CAVALRY SONG

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
 Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
 The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
 He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:
 Now, cling! clang! forward all,
 Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome,
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
 One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
 The guidons that we hear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all;
 Heaven help those whose horses fall!
 Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
 They fall, they spread in broken surges!
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:
 Cling! clang! backward all!
 Home, and good-night!

E. C. STEDMAN

136

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
" Sic Semper! " 'Tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

J. R. RANDALL

137

GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE

God the All-Terrible, King Who ordainest,
Great wind Thy clarion, the lightning Thy sword,
Shew forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-Merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy way of blessedness, slighted Thy word.
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-Righteous One, man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word.
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-Wise, by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored.
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So shall thy children in thoughtful devotion
Laud Him Who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

138

THE BRABANÇONNE

Fled are the years of servile shame!
Belgium, 'tis thy hour at last.
Wear again thy glorious name,
Spread thy banner on the blast.
Sov'reign people in thy might,
Steadfast yet and valiant be,
On thine ancient standard write:
King and Law, and Liberty.

Strive, nor seek discharge at length,
Hold thy courage as thy crown,
God, Who keeps thee in His strength,
On thy labours smileth down.
Over all thy fruitful land
Labour's prize is full and free.
On thine arts enthronèd stand,
King, and Law, and Liberty.

Foes that were our friends of old,
Are returned to love at last.
All the free we prize as gold,
Praying that our strife be past.
Belgians and Batavians, friends,
Knit in brotherhood shall be;
With one voice the shout ascends:
King, and Law, and Liberty.

Belgium, Mother, thus we vow,
Never shall our love abate.
Thou our hope, our safety thou,
Hearts and blood are consecrate.
Grave, we pray, upon thy shield
This device eternally,
Weal or woe, at home, afield,
King, and Law, and Liberty.

LE DRAPEAU BELGE

Rouge pour le sang des soldats—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour larmes des mères—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour la lumière
Et l'ardeur des prochains combats

Au drapeau, mes enfants,
La patrie vous appelle,
Au drapeau, serrons les rangs,
Ceux qui meurent, vivent pour elle!

Rouge pour la pourpre héroïque—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour le voile des veuves—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour l'orgueil épique
Et le triomphe après l'épreuve

Au drapeau, au drapeau
La patrie vous appelle,
Il n'a jamais flotté si haut
Elle n'a jamais été si belle

Rouge pour la rage des flammes—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Noir pour la cendre des deuils—
Noir, jaune et rouge—
Et jaune pour le salut de l'âme
Et l'or fauve de notre orgueil.

Au drapeau, mes enfants—
 La patrie vous bénit—
 Il n'a jamais été si grand
 Que depuis qu'il est petit,
 Il n'a jamais été si fort
 Que depuis qu'il brave la mort.

EMILE CAMMAERTS

140

LA MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark! what myriads round you rise!
 Your children, wives and grandsires hoary;
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath;
 March on, March on,
 All hearts resolved on liberty or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise.
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath,
 March on, March on,
 All hearts resolved on liberty or death.

PRO PATRIA

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air;
 Like beasts of burden they would load us,
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man—and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath;
 March on, March on,
 All hearts resolved on liberty or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath;
 March on, March on,
 All hearts resolved on liberty or death.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE

141

JAPANESE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Mistress of the Eastern sea,
 Great and mighty Queen is she!
 Hail Japan, Hail Japan!
 Empire always in the van,
 Great in Might, First in Fight!
 Hail, Japan!

Draw the sword our Fathers drew!
Slay the foe our Fathers slew!
Onward still, with a will,
Keeping honour aye in view!
Great in Might; First in Fight!
Hail, Japan!

When our ancestors appeal,
We unsheath the flashing steel,
Banners wave—strong to save!
But we make the tyrant kneel!
Great in Might! First in Fight!
Hail, Japan!

142

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King.

NOTES

Nos. 1-4. The oldest ballads that have survived are not older than about the middle of the fifteenth century. A new interest in them was revived on the publication in 1765 of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The ballads inserted here were all published in that work. Sir Walter Scott published his famous collection *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1802-3. Coleridge, Scott, and Wordsworth owed much to these old ballads.

The ballad of "Mary Ambree" was probably suggested by the attempt of some English volunteers to retake Ghent from the Spaniards, who had taken it from the Dutch in 1584. Mary Ambree herself is a fiction. Ben Jonson and Samuel Butler make reference to her; the former in the *Fortunate Isles* and the latter in *Hudibras*.

"Chevy Chase" (*i.e.* Cheviot Chase or The hunting-ground of the Cheviots) is considered the finest of the historical ballads. It is now generally agreed that it refers to the same event as the ballad of "Otterburn"—that is, a battle of Otterburn, a village to the west of Newcastle, fought in August 1388 between the Scots and the English.

Note that the ballad makes no pretence to historical accuracy in detail.

Lord Willoughby distinguished himself at Zutphen (1586). He was made general of the English forces and fought many actions against the Spaniards. One of these is probably the subject of this ballad. Willoughby died in 1601.

No. 5. From *Richard II.*

No. 6. The battle of Agincourt was fought October 25, 1415, when the English, under Henry V., totally defeated a vastly superior French force.

No. 9. Michael Drayton (1563-1631), poet and dramatist. This famous ballad is from *Poems Lyrick and Pastorall* (1606).

Caux, a district to the north-east of the mouth of the Seine; *grandsire*, Edward III.; *bilbous*, swords; probably from Bilbao, where the best swords were made.

No. 10. From *The Mad Lover*, by John Fletcher (1576-1625). He collaborated with Francis Beaumont in the production of many plays.

Memnon, etc., names of characters in the play.

No. 11. Written in 1642, when the Royalist army, encamped at Hounslow, was expected to march on the city.

Emathian conqueror, Alexander the Great; *sad Electra's poet*, Euripides.

No. 16. Refers to the taking of Cadiz in 1596 by Lord Howard and the Earl of Essex.

Cales was the English sailors' corruption of Cadiz.

No. 18. The story of the taking of Quebec (1759) is one of the finest in the annals of English history. General Wolfe had been sent with an expedition up the St. Lawrence River to effect the conquest of Quebec. A large French force, under Montcalm, had been gathered together to meet the attack. Wolfe failed to take the town from the east side and moved higher up the river to a spot where precipitous cliffs were thought to make the town impregnable. To the foot of these rocks the English troops were rowed in small boats in the dead of night. In a wonderful fashion the rocks were scaled, and next morning the French found an army ready for battle on the Heights of Abraham above. In the ensuing battle the English gained an easy victory, though both Wolfe and Montcalm were killed.

No. 20. The battle of Bannockburn was fought in 1314, a few miles south of Stirling. Owing to the strategy of the Scotch leader, Bruce, who protected his soldiers by digging pits before his lines and covering them lightly with turf, the English, under the careless and incompetent leadership of Edward II., were disastrously defeated.

No. 22. *Loaning*, a milking place; *bughts*, pens for sheep or cattle; *dowie*, dreary; *daffin' and gabbin'*, joking and chatting; *leglin*, milk-pail; *har'st*, harvest; *bandsters*, sheaf-binders; *lyart*, grizzled; *fleeching*, coaxing; *bogle*, ghost; *dool*, sorrow.

The author of this poem was Jean Elliot (1727-1805), the daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot.

No. 23. Wordsworth, like many other Englishmen, had at first enthusiastically supported the French Revolution. Later on, when the guillotine was murdering its scores of victims daily, his attitude changed.

These sonnets are the trumpet-tongued expression of a noble patriotism.

No. 28. Of peculiar interest in the light of the events of August 1914, when these two towns made an heroic stand against vastly superior German forces.

No. 29. "Bonnivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon, on the lake of Geneva, for the courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the seventeenth century."

No. 33. Sennacherib became King of Assyria in 705 B.C. He overran Judah, but his army was destroyed by the Angel of

Death. He was murdered by his sons in 681 B.C. (See 2 Kings xix.)

No. 35. The battle of Corunna was fought in 1809. Pursued by Soult, Sir John Moore was retreating from Madrid, which Napoleon had just entered in triumph. "The retreat was made over bad mountain roads, amid the storms and snows of winter. His troops became demoralised, disorderly, and mutinous. Moore managed to make his way to Corunna by January 10, 1809, only to find that the fleet, which he expected would be there to take him home, had not yet arrived." He was therefore forced to fight and was slain in the subsequent battle. The French were driven off and the English army safely embarked.

No. 36. Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, was born in 1786. He was in the battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and began his Arctic work in 1819. In 1845 he commenced a third Polar voyage with the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but no news was heard of him from that date until 1859, when a paper was discovered detailing the fate of the expedition and its leader.

No. 40. *Gadite wave*, Trafalgar, not far from Cadiz (Latin *Gades*); *Egypt*, battle of the Nile, 1798; *Hafnia*, Copenhagen, 1801; *Palimure*, the faithful pilot of the ship which carried *Aeneas* to Italy. He refused to give up the helm to the god of sleep. Through the latter's treachery, he fell into the sea (Virgil's *Aeneid*, v. 825 *et seq.*).

No. 41. The battle of Flodden was fought in 1513. The Scotch lost nearly 10,000 men, including their king, James IV.

No. 43. Written during the apprehension of an invasion (1802).

No. 45. From *The Monastery*.

No. 46. From *Ivanhoe*.

No. 47. From *Rob Roy*.

No. 49. The Norman horse-shoe celebrates a supposed victory obtained by the Welsh over Clare, Earl of Strighul and Pembroke, and Nevill, Baron of Chepstow, Lord Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rhymney is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan. Caerphilly, the scene of the supposed battles, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

No. 51. Blenheim, a village on the Danube, where was fought in 1704 a great battle between the English and Austrians under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians under Marshals Tallard and Marsin.

No. 52. The battle of the Baltic was fought off Copenhagen in 1801. This is the fight in which Nelson disregarded his superior's command when he was ordered to retire. The result was a decisive victory for Britain. (See Southey's *Life of Nelson*.)

No. 54. The battle of Hohenlinden, a village in Saxony, was fought in 1800 between the French, under Napoleon's general, Moreau, and the Austrians. The latter after a fierce attack were routed.

No. 59. Line 1 refers to the inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget at Kildare.

No. 60. This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday, given at Kilkenny.

No. 64. *Shan Van Vocht*, "The Poor Old Woman," *i.e.* Ireland.

Nos. 68, 69. These incidents took place at the battle of Balaclava (1855).

"The main advance (of the Russians) was stopped by the heroic charge of Scarlett's brigade of heavy dragoons who broke through and hurled back thrice their number of Russian horse. But this gallant and successful feat of arms was followed by the disastrous 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' A vague and ill-worded order sent by Lord Raglan was perversely misinterpreted by Lord Lucan who commanded the English cavalry, and he proceeded to hurl the 670 sabres of the Light Brigade at the batteries which formed the centre of the Russian line. This mad project was executed; though encircled on three sides by a concentric fire from the whole hostile army, this handful of horsemen rode forward for a mile and a half, captured the guns, and broke up the Russian centre. But no attempt had been made to support them with infantry, and when their impetus was spent, these unfortunate heroes had to cut their way back through the enemy and return foiled to the English lines. They had lost 113 killed and 154 wounded out of 670 men: the only wonder is that a single trooper survived to tell this tale of dire mismanagement." (Oman, *England in the Nineteenth Century*.)

No. 70. In 1858 an attempt was made on the life of Napoleon III. The plot had been hatched in London, and the Emperor threatened to invade this country. At once a Volunteer Rifle Corps was formed, and these verses were written to stimulate recruiting.

No. 74. Marston Moor (1644). In this battle the main body of the Scots and Parliamentarians was broken, but Cromwell, having kept the left wing firm, came to the support of the rest and routed Prince Rupert's army.

Quantum suff., as much as is sufficient.

No. 77. From *The Lays of Ancient Rome*.

The incident occurred in the struggle of the Etruscans against the Romans when the former, under Porsena, King of Clusium, attempted to reinstate the Tarquins.

No. 78. The battle of Naseby (1645) was a triumph for Cromwell, who, though nominally second in command, was responsible

for the victory. He drove the King's cavalry before him and then returned and broke up the centre.

No. 79. *Halberdiers*, a halberd served both as axe and spear. *Picard field*, Crécy, 1346.

No. 82. Morgarten, a mountain slope in the canton of Zug, Switzerland, and the scene of a great victory gained by 1400 Swiss over 15,000 Austrians, November 15, 1315.

No. 83. Ebenezer Elliot (1781-1849), famous for his Corn Law Rhymes. They are extremely vigorous.

Attila, the great leader of the Huns in the fifth century; *torse*, the heraldic wreath on a helmet.

No. 86. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), a native of Massachusetts. He was a Quaker and a hearty supporter of the anti-slavery movement.

No. 87. The story of Barbara Fritchie has no foundation in fact.

Nos. 88-93. In 1848 Italy made a great struggle to liberate herself without outside help. For a few weeks she was successful and drove the Austrians from Lombardy and Venice. Internal divisions and the lack of a great leader led finally to failure. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, the leader of the insurrection, was crushed and compelled to abdicate (March 1849), and in July 1849, Venice and Rome, which had been gallantly defended by local patriots, capitulated. The defence of Rome was actually witnessed by A. H. Clough, and his poem describes an actual experience.

In 1859 Italy made another bid for freedom, this time with the help of Napoleon III., who, by a series of tyrannical acts, had set up in 1851 a military dictatorship in France, the success of which enabled him to proclaim himself Emperor in 1852. There was a popular outcry against this illegal step, and Palmerston, the then Prime Minister, was dismissed for recognising, without authority, the new government.

The French, fighting on behalf of the Italians, were successful at first and won the battles of Magenta and Solferino. Suddenly, however, Napoleon made peace. The Italians, deserted by the French, finished the work for themselves. In 1859 a series of insurrections drove the petty princes out of Central Italy, and in 1860, Garibaldi, the patriot adventurer, expelled the mad House of Bourbon from Sicily and Naples. Victor Emanuel of Sardinia was proclaimed King of United Italy.

These three poems (Nos. 88, 89, 92) show the attitude of the Brownings to the struggle for freedom. Mrs. Browning's poem is controversial in tone, but it is not difficult to understand her enthusiasm for Napoleon's project. Nos. 107, 108 show the attitude of two other English poets to the same struggle.

No. 94. Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire. The original tower is said to have been

built in the 6th century. At first it was called "Twr Bronwen," afterwards Caer Colwyn, and eventually Harlech, *i.e.* "above the boulders."

"By Order of the King (Edward IV.) William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, led a powerful army to Harlech and demanded the surrender of the place; but Sir Richard Herbert, the Earl's brother, received from the stout defender this answer: 'I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle.' Famine, however, at length succeeded and the intrepid Welshmen made an honourable capitulation." (Dr. Nicholas' *Antiquities of Wales*.)

No. 113. In 1798 civil war broke out in Ireland. The insurgents were defeated by General Lake at Vinegar Hill.

No. 114. The Russians were defeated in the battle of Alma (1854). R. C. Trench, Anglican Archbishop, published his famous *Study of Words* in 1851.

No. 117. The Foresters of Flanders were the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. The title was afterwards changed to that of "Count."

The Order of the Fleece of Gold was instituted in 1430.

The battle of the Spurs of Gold, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls at Courtrai, on July 11, 1302, between the French and the Flemings. The French army was completely routed. The above name was given to the battle owing to the large number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame in Courtrai.

"When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater to bring the waters of the Lys to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal."

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by van Artevelde.

No. 122. Composed September 1914.

No. 123. Composed September 1914.

No. 124. Composed September 1914.

No. 125. Composed September 1914.

No. 128. Composed October 1914.

No. 129. Composed September 1914.

No. 130. Composed September 1914. Dr. Bridges was appointed Poet Laureate in 1913 on the death of Mr. Alfred Austin.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Alone stood brave Horatius	110
Amidst the clamour of exulting joys	34
Another year! another deadly blow	40
Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in	26
At Créçy by Somme in Ponthieu	154
At length the freshening western blast	56
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise	115
Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!	131
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!	141
Breathes there a man with soul so dead	50
But Italy, my Italy	138
But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find	29
By the hope within us springing	87
Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms	27
Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer	83
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud	28
Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden	167
Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark	125
Deserted by the waning moon	93
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away	183
Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake	184
England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle enrings thee round	161
England! where the sacred flame	186
Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!	41
Fair stood the wind for France	22
Fled are the years of servile shame	205
Forth to the battle! onward to the fight	158
God made our bodies of all the dust	192
God prosper long our noble king	4
God save our gracious King	209
God the All-Terrible, King Who ordainest	204

	PAGE
Half a league, half a league	95
Hark! afar the bugle sounding	160
Hark! I hear the foe advancing	149
Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands	168
High deeds achieved of knightly fame	66
How sleep the brave who sink to rest	35
I cannot count the years	166
In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown	177
In the ranks of the Austrians you found him	137
It fell about the Lammas tide	10
It was a summer evening	75
It was Beresford's charger who led us that day	176
I've heard them liting at our ewe-milking	37
Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee	180
Last night, among his fellow roughs	150
Let them come, come never so proudly	156
Lift—lift, ye mists, from off the silent coast	49
Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane	85
Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us	31
Maiden most beautiful, mother most beautiful, lady of lands	165
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale	65
Men of England, Scotland, Ireland	109
Men of England! who inherit	79
Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd	18
Methought before mine inner sight there came	199
Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour	39
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord	201
Mistress of the Eastern sea	208
My sea-winds I gather, my fields I fill	196
News of battle! news of battle!	126
Night closed around the conqueror's way	88
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	47
Not a throb of our hearts but in anguish responds	198
Not care to live while English homes	166
No triumph tells thy virtues—the grave where they rest	50
Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!	118
O England is an island	194
O for the voice of that wild horn	68

INDEX TO FIRST LINES

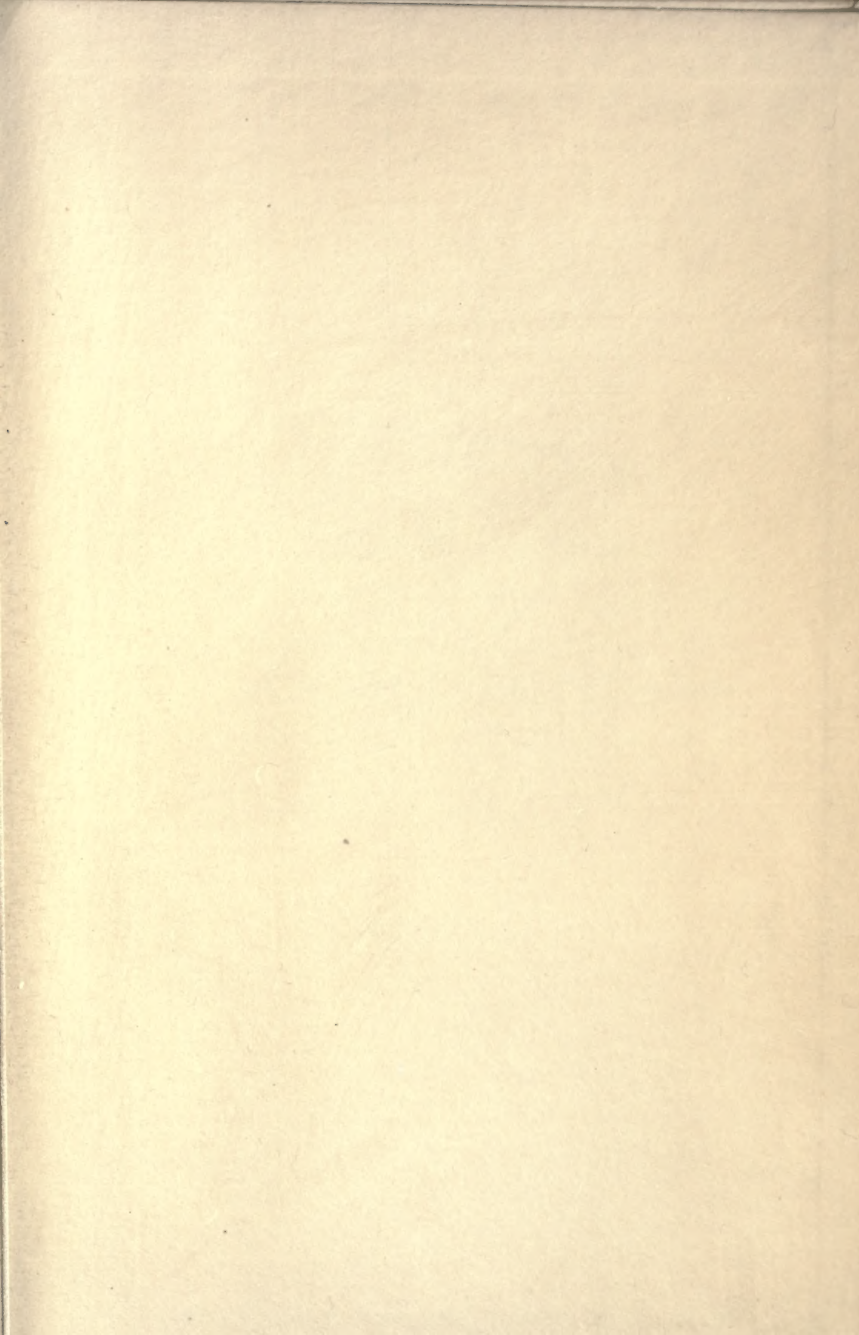
219

	PAGE
O Friend, I know not which way I must look	38
O that we now had here	19
O, we sail'd to Virginia and thence to Fayal	29
O'er glories gone the invaders march	45
O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd	152
Of Nelson and the North	77
Of old sat Freedom on the heights	100
Oh! the French are on the sea	90
Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north	113
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more	21
On Linden when the sun was low	80
Our good steeds snuff the evening air	202
 Pipes of the misty moorlands	 132
 Red glows the forge in Strighul's bounds	 70
Revered, beloved—O you that hold	101
Rouge pour le sang des soldats	206
Rouse ye men of Cambria	158
 Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	 35
She stands alone: ally nor friend has she	161
So I have seen a man killed! An experience that, among other!	147
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er	57
Sons of Britain, old in fame	187
Sons of the Greeks, arise!	44
Sons of the heroes bold	175
Southward to Calais, appalled	163
 Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind	 28
That second time they hunted me	143
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold	46
The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!	96
The despot's heel is on thy shore	202
The fifteenth day of July	15
The lovely lass o' Inverness	36
The minstrel boy to the war is gone	83
The Monarch rode along the van	60
The Sun hath ridden into the sky	92
The trumpet of the battle	121
The wine-month shone in its golden prime	122

	PAGE
There is a sound of thunder afar	99
There was a sound of revelry by night	41
There's a woman sobs her heart out	188
There's many a man of the Cameron clan	109
This England never did, nor never shall	22
Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them	85
Thou careless, awake!	197
Though till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be	174
Thus saith the Queen! For him who gave	154
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is high	106
To horse! to horse! the Standard flies	58
To mute and to material things	52
'Twas a Maréchal of France and he fain would honour gain	51
Two Voices are there! one is of the Sea	38
 Up from the meadows, rich with corn	135
Well hast thou stood, my country! the brave fight	69
What have I done for you	181
What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?	40
What marks the frontier line?	190
What of the faith and fire within us	189
When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home	47
When Britain first at Heaven's command	33
When boyhood's fire was in my blood	88
When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt	1
When George the Third was reigning, a hundred years ago	169
When he who adores thee has left but the name	84
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	39
Who counsels peace at this momentous hour	71
Who fears to speak of Ninety Eight?	172
Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest	102
With my limbs in the deep	151
 Ye mariners of England	81
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!	207
You ask me why, tho' ill at ease	94
You know, we French stormed Ratisbon	141
Yours, not for self, to wield the sword	200

INDEX TO COUNTRIES

- Belgium, Nos. 28, 117, 131, 132, 138, 139.
British Empire, Nos. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129,
130, 133, 142.
England, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18,
23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 30, 34, 35, 36, 40, 47, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 67,
68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 78, 79, 80, 81, 86, 96, 97, 98, 99,
100, 104, 105, 106, 114, 115, 116, 118, 119.
France, Nos. 32, 50, 54, 140.
Greece, No. 31.
Ireland, Nos. 37, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 113.
Italy, Nos. 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 107, 108.
Japan, No. 141.
Rome, No. 77.
Russia, No. 137.
Scotland, Nos. 20, 21, 22, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 75, 84, 110.
Switzerland, Nos. 23, 29, 82.
United States of America, Nos. 134, 135, 136.
Wales, Nos. 49, 94, 101, 102, 103.
General, Nos. 10, 19, 33, 38, 46, 48, 65, 66, 76, 83, 85, 90, 95, 109,
111, 112.





PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

PR
1195
H5P7

Pro Patria

